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And Chronicle.

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Original Poetry.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY REV. C. V. EVEREST.

Lone Night, descending with her sable shroud,
Had darkly canopied the troubled deep!
All, all in gloom was mantled; and the barque
That bore the Saviour, with his timid band,
Held silent on her way: no kindly ray
To aid its guidance—not one glimmering star—
But all was deep, impenetrable gloom!
Still in its doubtful course, that gallant ship
Moved on, obedient, through the dread profound!

* * * * * * * * * * *

Hark to the warning! Mark the quivering gleam!
Down—down—the Tempest plunges on the sea,
And the mad waves rise up to buffet it—
And now like angry demons they contend!
Loud peals the thunder—quick the lightnings flash—
The hoarse-toned Tempest howls along the wave—
And Gallilee heaves from his rocky base!
But ah! by the red lightning's fitful glare,
What barque is plunging 'mid the billowy strife,
And dashing madly on to fearful doom?
'Tis His—the Saviour's! Now it mounts the wave,
And rises threatening to the frowning sky,
And now, down, headlong, in the yawning depths,
While swelling seas break o'er it in their wrath!
But where is He—the Master! heeds he not
The bursting anguish—the heart-rending cry?
Upon the deck, amid the billows roar,
And breaking surges, lo! he sleepeth there,
Calm as an infant on its nurse's breast!
But now, a wave, high rising o'er the deep,
Lifts its dire crest, and, like a vengeful fiend,
Comes as a mountain on! Th' affrighted band
Fly in their frenzy to their sleeping Lord,
And in despair's low accents shriek for aid
"We perish, Master! save, oh, save us, Lord!"
He rose, and, with a calm, benignant mien,
Looked on the storm: then, with a majesty,
As if the Tempest were his willing slave,
Commanded, "Peace! be still!"
The thunders hushed!
The trembling lightnings fled away in fear!
The foam-capt surges sunk to quiet rest!
The raging waves grew still! "There was a calm!"

Original Tales.

FORTUNE'S FROLICS, OR; THE LOST AND FOUND.

A Domestic Story.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FELON'S MANUSCRIPT," "THE MISANTHROPE," "LOVE'S WORK," "TWICE WEDDED," "THE BUBBLES OF A FORMER DAY," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.
THE MANIAC AT SEA.

In the month of November in the year 183–, the good ship Mary Kingsland sailed from New York for New Orleans, crowded with passengers and freight.

Among those who had taken places in the second cabin, was a good looking young woman, with her little golden haired boy, about two years old. They came on board at midnight, accompanied by an elderly woman, who remained with them till daylight, and disappeared when the anchor was weighed.

Every thing appeared to be provided for the comfort of the woman and her child while on the voyage; among other things a demijohn of Port wine, and some articles of luxury, peculiarly palatable on recovering from sea sickness.

The passengers on surveying the accommodations of each, and scrutinizing the physiognomy of all, began to fancy, from existing circumstances, that a goodly company had gathered on board, and that the tedium of the voyage would in consequence be rendered more agreeable. All, therefore, made up their minds for a merry and pleasant passage.

Nothing occurred to interrupt this expectation until the vessel was several days at sea, when the singular conduct of the woman excited the attention and created alarm among the passengers. Her fantastic antics and her wild cries, soon led to the supposition that she was insane. The alienation of her mind was attributed to her frequent resort to the demijohn of wine; and to prevent mischief it was deemed proper to deprive her of the beverage altogether.

This seemed to produce the desired result. The woman gradually recovered from her malady. She became as docile as a child, and finally her air and language were those of a lady.

Every one now took an interest in her welfare, and longed to know something of her history; why she voyaged to the South alone with her young boy—for as yet none knew her name; and the mystery which surrounded her character had become intolerable—more especially with the female passengers, whose speculations, as to who and what she was, could not be satisfactorily determined among them.

The demon which preyed upon her soul was soothed only for a temporary period. A wild phrenzy again came upon her, and awful was the power of the malignant fiend which enveloped her spirit in his crushing folds.

She would rise in the dead stillness of night, and grope her way through every part of the ship—now in the cabins, then in the state rooms; now on deck and then in the steerage, where a rude set of human beings revelled late over their bottle and cards, beneath the flickering light of the suspended lanthorn, while their fellows snored around them. At another time, she would climb the shrouds and walk the narrow ledge of the bulwarks of the upper decks—regardless of the danger, amid the tossing of the billows and the howlings of the storm. Indeed, when the waves rolled up in fiery wrath, and when the storm spirit sang the wild requiem of the mariner doomed, she would revel in the scene and keep chorus in the awful music. Again when she heard the sound of the fiddle, accompanied with dancing on the deck of a calm evening, she would rush to the spot and go through the most extraordinary movements on the "light fantastic toe"—and tired not, so long as the music kept her in motion—even for hours. At another moment she became abstracted and contemplative; she would sit alone and braid her hair, or draw strange hieroglyphics with her finger around where she sat, as if to confine herself within a charmed circle, and by strange incantations, to drive back the evil spirit which tormented her existence. Again she would sing the most plaintive ditty or the most lively song, in tones of the richest melody—then would converse with herself, and soon break forth in yells and language of the most awful import.

Every means were used to calm her perturbed spirit, but there was no balm for the "mind diseased," and thus she remained the phrensied creature for the rest of the voyage. During all the while she seemed to be regardless of all on board save her bright haired boy—for whom she exhibited the most remarkable fondness. The little fellow was constantly by her side or in her arms—even when she strode the deck, and communed with the storm-god when he breathed fearful flame and spoke in terrible thunder. He was never heard to whimper or complain, but seemed to have a consciousness of the malady of his mother, and wished by his own gentleness to alleviate her own.

Before the voyage was over, she had truly became the object of deepest pity. She had stripped herself destitute of shoes and almost every article of clothing, which she cast stealthily overboard, piece by piece, as if in sacrifice to appease the threatening vengeance of Neptune. Her money, of which she was known to be possessed of a number of gold sovereigns, was also missing—perhaps given in tribute to the monsters of the great deep.

When the vessel reached New Orleans the generous hearted people of that city provided herself and child an asylum, where her malady might be gently treated, and where neither mother nor child might suffer from neglect nor want.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE JOURNEY AND ITS PERILS.

In the month of January, 1840, two travellers met at Harrisburg from different points, and took the stage by the Northern route for Pittsburg.

The one was a young man of pleasing countenance and prepossessing address and appearance. The other was somewhat advanced in life—plain in his dress and manners, and of a social disposition.

The elder gentleman booked himself by the name of Dalrymple, and recorded Cincinnati as the place of his destination. The other was no other than Henry Fairfield, just returned from Brazil, where he had acquired wealth and now on his way to Pittsburg, to meet, as he supposed, his sister Lily, from whom he had received no tidings during the period of his absence from the United States.

It was a bitter cold morning when the coach set out; but anon the sun arose in brilliant effulgence, and threw a cheering aspect over the face of winter. The ground was covered with a deep snow, which had fallen some days before; and the rain of the preceding night, which congealed as it fell, had rendered the roads slippery and dangerous to travel. All nature seemed encased in glass. Long icicles hung from the branches of trees and bushes, like pendants of chandeliers, while the globules of water which had frozen on the leaves of the ever-green trees, sparkled in the sunbeams like so many brilliant diamonds.

The scene was beautiful in the extreme. The Winter King, in his frolicsome humor, had set his invincible artisans at work, and their wondrous skill had fashioned a fairy wall and filled it with images of beauty and glory. It seemed that the travellers passed through the domains of some princely proprietor whose riches were so unbounded that he could afford to embellish every object around with brilliants and emeralds and costly gems—for this was the effect produced by the frost, the snow and ice, as reflected beneath the radiant sun.

It was a scene to warm and animate the heart of the lover of nature. The old gentleman had the eye of the artist, and the feelings of the painter and poet. He constantly gave vent to some exclamation of rapture, as every turn in the road changed the aspect of the scene, and presented new images of admiration.

Henry Fairfield had too warm a heart not to be inspired with the same enthusiasm of the elder traveller. There was a geniality of soul with them, and almost irresistibly they became united in the bonds of kindred feelings.

From admiring the wonders of nature, the gentlemen entered into familiar converse. They discoursed of politics, business, money affairs, and subjects of general interest and utility; and finally the story, the anecdote, and the jeu d'esprit contributed to beguile the tedium of the journey.

The day wore on and night approached. The stage proceeded slowly along the base of high hills, and on the verge of the Juniata river, which had now become much swollen from the melting snow, and threatened to overflow its banks. The driver was behind his time with the mails, and anxious to reach the village where the travellers purposed to stop for the night. In vain he urged the speed of the horses—the freezing of the ice on the road, after the sun had gone off, rendered them difficult to overcome, but with slow and cautious driving. The night set in very dark, and the travellers trusting to the skill of the coachman, wrapped their cloaks about them, pulled down their fur caps, and endeavored to resign themselves to slumber, as best they might under the circumstances.

The roar of the flood of the river continued to be heard, and suddenly there was a fearful plashing and plunging of the horses in the water. It had swept over the banks and covered the road many feet deep even to the very base of the mountains. The driver urged the horses forward, until the water rose up to their flanks and entered the body of the coach. The floating cutting ice now caused the beasts to plunge in madness. The noise and confusion aroused the passengers from their dozings, and starting up, they were now aware of their danger. Fairfield thrust open the coach door, and by the light of the lamp, succeeded in springing to the hill-side in safety. The old gentleman attempted to imitate his example, but his foot slipping from under him, he was precipitated into the water, near the feet of the now furious animals. In an instant both Fairfield and the coachman had plunged into the flood to the rescue of the gentleman from drowning or being crushed to death by the entangled horses; and with much difficulty they succeeded in bringing him to a place of safety on the rising ground. The old man was wet and stiff with cold, and apparently lifeless. The driver drew from his pocket a flask of spirits, and giving it to Fairfield, he commenced rubbing his aged companion's temples and hands, and soon began to perceive signs of returning animation. The coachman meanwhile cut loose the harness from the horses, and placing the body of the elder traveller before him on one of them he rode off, followed by Fairfield on another, to a cabin several miles distant in the rear. The inmates were aroused, a huge fire kindled, and every means used for the comfort of the travellers for the night.

The next morning, the elderly traveller, though considerably bruised was much better, and able to proceed on the journey. A conveyance was procured, and the flood having subsided, the passengers ere the hour of breakfast, found themselves comfortably quartered in the best hotel of the neighboring town. Here they were obliged to remain during the day, in consequence of the mail coaches having failed to connect on the preceding night.

The injured traveller concluded to rest a day or two at this place, and Fairfield having bade him a cordial farewell, took the first coach, and in due time reached Pittsburg, without further incident of interest.

He now learned that his sister had eloped with his friend Everett, but he could obtain little intelligence of their subsequent history. He resolved to return to the east, and taking the route of the northern lakes, his passage from city to city, was rapidly accomplished. He sought every means of information respecting those for whom his soul yearned in the fondest truth and sincerity. He soon heard of the brilliant career of Everett and his after misery; but his place of sojourn, or whether his sister and her husband, or either, lived, none could inform him. He advertised for them in the newspapers in vain. His heart now sickened in its utter loneliness. It overflowed with kindly sympathies, but there were none to share its unctuous endearments. He was alone in the world—even a stranger in his own land.

CHAPTER IX.
THE INEBRIATE'S STORY.

While Fairfield sojourned in New York, and waited in hope to obtain some clue to the mystery which appeared to enshroud the fate of his sister and her husband, he heard of the wonders of the Temperance Reformation, and was induced one evening to attend a meeting of the Washingtonians at their hall.

A number of speakers among the "Reformed Drunkards" addressed the audience; and their powerful appeals reached the inmost soul of many of those present. When they had concluded their speeches, a miserable looking man, was seen to elbow his way towards the rostrum. He mounted the platform and proceeded to give his experience. He was still a young man, but intemperance had left but few traces of the original person. His countenance appeared familiar to Fairfield, but who he was, and where he had seen him, he could not bring to his recollection.

When he had spoken a few words against the detested vice, and warned those around him to shun the poisonous bowl, he proceeded to give an outline of his own history in substance as follows:—

"I was the only son of respectable and wealthy parents. I was considered a boy of rare genius, and received an education corresponding to my station and prospects in life. At college I carried away all the honors in triumph. I finished my course, and entered on the gay world with unfettered spirits, and with wealth and friends to advance my welfare and ambition. I was deemed handsome and accomplished, and produced a sensation wherever I appeared. I married a lady of exceeding beauty, and possessed of a heart of tenderness and love. I revelled through the honey-moon; went abroad; saw the great lights of Europe; returned satiated, and happy with my adored wife, who was the delightful companion of my wanderings. I found myself the heir to great riches on the death of a venerable and venerated father. The money was employed in various ways, and yielded glorious per centage. I became richer and more rich, and could not spend my wealth fast enough. I built palaces and planned beautiful villas. I dashed out in the most splendid manner. My furniture was the most superb that could be bought. My wines were choice and costly; and no luxury was spared to myself and mine. My wife was beautiful—angelic. The butterflies of fashion and folly fluttered around our pathway. The hours fled away swiftly, happily, gloriously. It was a season of perfect bliss; an elysium of never-ending enjoyments was presented before my enraptured vision. I was supremely blessed in all that the heart could desire.

"But all this could not last. The golden bowl of pleasure, and the delicious viands were dashed from my lips! The bubble of wealth and glory exploded. The dream of bliss was over! My gold took wings. Banks broke, stocks fell; and no earthly power could avert the ruin which swept around on every side.

"Then came the hour of bitterness—bankruptcy, disgrace, and shame. I cursed heaven in the impotency of my rage. I could not call back my riches, and happiness had departed for ever.

"I left the palace for the plain dwelling—the plain house for the cottage—the cottage for the cellar and garret—and these for the kennel and the gutter!

"In my misery and starvation, I have snatched the bone from the dogs, and swallowed greedily the food of swine. I drank deeply—wildly, madly of the red price of perdition! My appetite could not be appeased—even the 'slops' of the tap-room served to debase my soul. I was bent on death—moral death; and the gulf of despair yawned before my distorted imagination.

"My poor wife suffered amid every deprivation, and repined not. She gently reproved my faults, spoke words of persuasive kindness to my heart, and prayed for my peace and happiness. Oh, heaven! thou knowest the woes I brought upon her head!

"One day a man gave me a dollar. I rushed to a lottery-office, and bought a fractional ticket. I was lucky. It turned up a prize of fifty dollars! I was rich—rich now! I received the money in gold—bright yellow gold! I laughed in the phrensy of my joy.

"I ran to Old Tammany; asked for brandy, and was refused. I became rude and insolent—for I had money. I demanded the infernal beverage, and brought forth my money from my filthy rags to pay for it. I was accused of theft. I denied the charge. My character was so bad, none believed a word I said. They called an officer to drag me away. I resisted—struck the man a deadly blow—and fled.

"I thought of my wife and child. I hastened to our hovel—kissed my boy, bade my wife good-bye, and left them forever!

"I shipped before the mast, and worked my passage to New Orleans. From New Orleans, I found my way to Texas. I enlisted in the army, got tired of the service, and ran away. I came back to New Orleans—was picked up in the street as a suspicious person—and committed by Recorder Baldwin, to the calaboose for thirty days. I was finally released. I hired myself as a deck hand, on board of a Mississippi steamer—could not stand the hard work—left the boat at Cincinnati, and determined to come back to New York.

"I walked every step of the way—slept in barns or on the benches of country taverns, and begged food and liquor when my money was all expended.

"I have been in town only two days. A Washtonian persuaded me to come here to-night. I am glad I did so. The eloquence of the speakers has made me feel my utter degradation. I have been a miserable fool. I will be so no longer! Here, on my knees, before heaven, I solemnly vow never again to allow the 'distilled damnation' to enter my lips. God keep me strong in the sacred resolution!"

The poor man was overcome with the excess of his feelings, and fell to the floor. The vehemence and wildness of his speech, electrified every being in the hall, and sent a thrilling sensation to the centre of the vital current.

Cold water was dashed into the sufferer's face, and volatile salts placed to his nostrils. He revived gradually, and was soon able to sit on a chair.

Suddenly, his eye caught the countenance of Fairfield. He sprang forward towards him—threw himself upon him—and exclaimed passionately—"My friend—my brother! Forgive—forgive me!" It was Everett!

CHAPTER X.
THE SEARCH FOR THE MISSING.

Fairfield was too much overjoyed on Everett's making himself known, to think of any thing else than his happiness and welfare. He clasped him warmly to his bosom—not only as his college friend, but as his brother, and the husband of his beloved sister.

It was something of coincidence, that the man whom Everett had struck to supposed death at Tammany Hall, was the very person who had prevailed upon him to attend the meeting of the Washingtonians.

Everett, now that he was "clothed in his right mind," and restored to his sober reflections, it may be presumed was as anxious to learn some tidings of his wife and child, as Fairfield was to meet his sister and reciprocate the feelings of affection and consanguinity.

They set to work to trace her out, if living—and if dead to shed the tear in memory of her worth. Their efforts were fruitless, and continued to be baffled for weeks. Everett, with Fairfield, visited his former haunts, and enquired of all who was likely to know aught of her fate, but still without success.

At length, Everett thought of applying to an old woman who had officiated as house-keeper for his family in his more prosperous days, and soon succeeded in finding her residence.

She wept in joy to see him. She informed him, that after his sudden flight, his poor broken-hearted wife came to her home, and was admitted to share its humble hospitality. It was soon found, however, that she had lost her reason, and means were taken to place her in the Insane Asylum. From this retreat she soon contrived to escape, and returned to her friend, the house-keeper. She conjured the familiar names of her husband and brother to her presence. She heard, or fancied she heard, that Everett had gone south, and she begged to be allowed to follow him. She talked so reasonably on the subject, that the good woman, in her simple-heartedness, really thought it proper for her to embark—both with the hope that the voyage might improve her health, and that she might meet her truant husband.

She accordingly scraped together her hard earnings for months—provided her a passage to New Orleans, and procured her all the comforts in her power for the voyage.

The reader may readily suppose that the deranged lady on ship board was Lily Everett. The old woman, however, knew nothing of her fate, after the sailing of the Mary Kingsland from New York for New Orleans.

Fairfield and Everett now determined to sail south immediately. They took passage in the first packet—the breezes were prosperous, and in fifteen days, the vessel was lying in safety opposite the Lower Cotton Press of the Crescent city.

On landing, they determined to institute the most rigid search for the missing one, whose loss they grievously mourned. They visited the institutions and soon had the happiness to obtain a clue to the woman and her child.

She had been admitted into the French Asylum, and after a few months of medical treatment and kind attention, was finally allowed to depart from it—not, however, until a Mr. Raymond, who had known her husband in New York, had provided her a pleasant home in his own family, where she was regarded with esteem and friendship. This gentleman was a merchant, doing an excellent business in Camp street, and he then resided in a beautiful mansion in the vicinity of Carrollton. He cheerfully undertook to break to Everett's wife the joyful news of his return to her, accompanied by her long absent brother. The interview which then took place may be better imagined than described. There were tears of joy and embraces of holy affection. There was "bliss—exquisite bliss" in their meeting; and the withered rose of love were bedewed with the moisture of truth, and made to bloom again in perennial freshness.

CHAPTER XI.
THE PAST—THE PRESENT—AND THE FUTURE.

The parties alluded to in the preceding chapter, who were in the enjoyment of the utmost felicity of mortals, remained several weeks in New Orleans, and partook of the hospitality of the people, in its generous fullness and freedom. The summer now approached, and the season of pestilence and death was at hand, although

"Winter dallied in the lap of May."

Fairfield and Everett therefore deemed it most prudent to return to the north, inasmuch as the climate was likely to prove fatal to unacclimated persons.

Fairfield's mind, in his hours of contemplation and retirement from the gay scenes of the Queen City of the south, often reverted back to the days of his childhood, and he longed to comprehend some mystery connected with his fate. He sighed to behold the generous benefactor of his youth, who had provided for his wants and afforded the facilities for his education, and the means for his abundant prosperity.

He thought of his rural rambles while at college, and of the good old grandmother and her lonely grandchild. Where were they now? Did they live, and were the affections of the tender girl still unbestowed? Ah! he could hardly expect that. So fair a flower could not remain long unnoticed, and he doubted not her pure love was even at the moment he thought of her, shedding its genial influence over a heart worthy of her own. Yet there seemed a mysterious connection between his own and her fate, and something would whisper that her mature charms were cherished for none other than himself. Oh that was a delicate thought, but there could be no reality in so sweet a dream of bliss.

He thought of the elderly traveller, whose life, under Providence, he had assisted to save from the perils of the flood, but a few months before. Did he survive his bruises? did he accomplish his journey without further disasters?

These thoughts crowded upon his mind, and made him the more anxious to set forward in pur[illegible] that something which his heart prompted was wanting for its anointment and permanent peace. It seemed that some kindly spirit watched over him, and was guiding his soul to the object it loved, unconscious, perhaps, that it sympathised itself with kindred soul even then grieving in unison with his own. It might have been love which prompted the yearnings of his heart, yet he knew of none that reciprocated the indefinable heaven-inspired sentiment.

Fairfield and Everett, with his wife and child at length were on board of a steamer, which dashed rapidly over the tinged waves of the Great Father of Waters. Cities and villages, and hamlets and dreary wastes were passed in rapid succession. The progress of civilization was noted along the borders of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers; the different degrees of refinement among the people were pointed out—and the contrast, plainly evidenced, between the slave-holding and free States, recorded in the note book or on the tablet of memory.

The voyage, so to term it, was rapid yet tedious from its monotony. But time and distance give way before the power of steam. In a few days the passengers reached Wheeling—here they took the coaches, and in a comparative few hours, terminated their journey at Baltimore. Here Fairfield proposed to remain till he could settle some affairs connected with his mercantile operations while absent in Brazil.

CHAPTER XII.
MEETING OF FRIENDS.

While Fairfield sojourned in the monumental city, he contracted some acquaintances, who endeavored to prevail upon him to take up his residence and enter in business among them. Being pleased with the improving appearance of the city, and admiring the general character of the people, he considered the suggestion, and consulting with Everett and his wife, who were willing to be guided by him in the choice of the place for their future home, he finally decided to settle in Baltimore.

With this view, the first purpose of Fairfield, was to purchase a dwelling for the mutual accommodation of Everett and himself. A favorable chance for a bargain soon presented itself. One day, while passing up Baltimore street, he noticed a fine house with a placard posted on its front, offering the property at Sheriff's sale. The house was still occupied. He stepped to the door and rang the bell, with a view to ask permission to inspect the premises. A colored servant promptly answered the door, and admitted him to the presence of his master.

How was Fairfield struck with surprise, when he recognized in the occupant of the mansion, his late travelling companion, the worthy Mr. Dalrymple.

"Dalrymple!" exclaimed Fairfield.

"Fairfield!" rejoined the old man, with equal surprise, and he rushed to grasp his young friend's hand.

"You are very welcome. I rejoice to see—how have you fared, my dear sir," continued Dalrymple with much warmth and enthusiasm.

"Thank you, very well, sir, indeed. Really I did not expect the gratification of this meeting," replied Fairfield, with equal fervor of feeling, as he continued to shake his friend's hand very heartily.

The two individuals were soon in familiar conversation, and a full hour passed away before they were aware of its rapid flight. The elder recounted their first interview with each other in the coach from Harrisburg westward; the beautiful effect of the winter scenery, and finally the flood and the accident.

At the mention of this circumstance, the worthy man jumped from his seat and caught Fairfield's hand fervently.

"You saved my life, you did! I cannot thank you enough for the kindness." A tear drop bubbled in his eye, and coursed down his cheek.

"I pray you, do not mention so trifling a service. I could not have done less than my duty, and be human. Do not notice it, sir."

"Well, well! God was indeed merciful," the old man uttered in reply—so full was his heart with gratitude for his preservation on that occasion.

Mr. Dalrymple had met with no further accident on the road to Cincinnati, for which city he journeyed a week after Fairfield's departure from him, near the place of the disaster.

Fairfield fairly forgot the object of his visit to Dalrymple's house, nor could his sense of delicacy have permitted him to have alluded to a subject which would likely have proved unpleasant to his feelings.

They parted, but not till the good old man had repeatedly and warmly invited Fairfield, to come and dine with him on the following day—although he said he would have to apologize beforehand for the absence of any female company at the table—as his niece was out of town spending a visit near Ellicott's Mills.

Fairfield accepted the invitation, and was at Dalrymple's house in good time at the appointed occasion. The dinner was excellent, and the host was in fine spirits to preside over the entertainment. After the dinner was over and coffee had been served, he proposed to show Fairfield his library and the gardens. They passed into the open air. The walks and arbors were planned with exquisite taste. The shrubbery and fruit trees were of the choicest kinds; and there was no end to the variety of Floral glories.

From the garden they returned to the parlor. It was furnished neatly and richly. They passed through a suite of rooms and entered the library. It was the archive of the most valuable productions of art and genius. The books were examined, and then were inspected the statues, and the paintings which literally covered the walls of the rooms. All were finished specimens of the artist's skill.

Among others, Fairfield observed a portrait of a female, remarkable for the wildness of its countenance and life-like appearance. He felt that he knew for whom the likeness was intended. It appeared so very familiar to his memory, yet he did not perceive how it were possible he could have known the original. He stood for some moments with his eyes intensely fixed upon it. Its eyes beamed recognition, and its lips seemed, in his imagination, about to speak to him. A thrill indefinable reached his soul. Could it be? Impulsively he thrust his hand in his bosom and drew from thence a miniature likeness of his departed mother. He scanned both pictures minutely. They corresponded in every particular. The same radiant eyes, the same lips, the same color of hair, the same *tout ensemble*. They were surely two pictures of the same original; yet how could it be?

These thoughts and emotions passed over Fairfield on the instant—but his strange conduct had been noticed by Dalrymple, and he could not conceal his embarrassment from his friend, as he attempted to thrust the miniature hastily into his bosom. He, however, speedily rallied from his discomposure. He turned to Mr. Dalrymple—

"Pardon me, sir. May I ask the name of the original of that picture? Something tells me——"

"Tells you—what? Nonsense!" said Dalrymple, laughing. "What can you know about the picture? But you shall know all. There is a spice of romance about it. This way Fairfield!"—he continued. "Sit here by the window while I narrate its singular history."

CHAPTER XIII.
STORY OF THE PICTURE.

"It is a curious story," began Dalrymple, in a jocular vein, "and I must tell all about it. Well—you must know that the original of the picture, was once my sweetheart. I loved her, and I believe she loved me—at least she told me so, and I couldn't help believe it. But I was the son of a poor country clergyman—and who ever heard of a rich one?—it was as much as my father could do, to give myself and brother a tolerable education,—and to implant in our hearts religious and virtuous principles.

"When [illegible] I was placed in the counting-house of a merchant, and [illegible] man of business. I fancied myself pretty smart—and as my looking-glass told me that I was a handsome fellow, I made up my mind that I would be able to make the hearts of the girls flutter with my glib tongue and personal attractions.

"I became acquainted with Mary—no matter about her name. She was a glorious creature—young, amiable, and very accomplished. She was not haughty,—and I was admitted among her admirers. I soon began to grow very uneasy in her society, and anon I found myself overhead in love. I told her what a miserable fellow I would be without her. She blushed first, and then laughed heartily at the idea. I asked her to be mine. She responded favorably,—and I kissed the words from her lips. She added, however, 'You must ask my father first.'

"I lost no time in stating the case to the Major. The old curmudgeon grew wrothy, and said his daughter should not marry an upstart, and a beggar like myself. He was proud and rich, and avaricious withal, although generous enough if he happened to be in the mood. His language cut me keenly—my pride was wounded, and I sneaked out of his presence, and never entered his house again.

"I could not summon courage to see Mary, but I wrote her a letter and explained all that had occurred. I also informed her that I was going abroad to seek my fortune, as the phrase was—when I would return and carry her off, if her father remained opposed to our union.

"I was enthusiastic, and did not dream of the difficulties and trials I would have to undergo before I could acquire wealth. I had saved up a few hundred dollars, and I left my native town for a distant city. I commenced business in a small way, and prospered. I enlarged my operations and became a wholesale speculator. My success continued, and soon I began to grow comfortable and wealthy. All the while, I corresponded with Mary,—and the day was even appointed when I should return and claim her as my bride.

"Meanwhile, I received a letter from England, which advised me that an uncle, my father's brother, had deceased, and left me a rich inheritance, as the next heir at law—he being a bachelor, and my own father having died about a year before the present event. It was necessary that I should go abroad to possess my uncle's wealth. I informed Mary of the fact, and sailed for 'merrie England.'

"I was absent many months, and returned full of the brightest anticipations. But I was doomed to disappointment. My letters to Mary had been suppressed, and a report was started that I had perished at sea. The poor girl was induced to marry a dashing young fellow, her father's choice. I did not blame her for it. She was, however, never happy with her husband. He was a spendthrift, and this led to profligate dissipation. He soon ran through with his own, and the estate of Mary's father, and rendered him desolate as himself. He finally quarrelled with his best friend, and was killed in a duel. His wife and several children, were left in penury and misery—and for a time, I lost all trace of their existence. Her father's property was sold for her husband's debts—and the old man died broken hearted. Among their things I purchased the portrait of Mary, which has so much interested your feelings. I prize it for the sake of her whom I only loved. I have remained a bachelor."

CHAPTER XIV.
THE DISCOVERY.

During the recital of the story, Fairfield was restless and troubled in spirit. He listened attentively to every word which fell from the lips of his aged friend. Strange sensations rushed through his bosom, and thrilled to his heart. He could contain himself no longer.

"And the lady's name was"—

"Mary Parker," broke in Dalrymple.

"Her husband."—

"Robert Fairfield."

"Gracious heaven, it is! My mother—my mother," murmured Fairfield. Immediately checking his emotion, he inquired—

"Pray, what became of this widow?"

"Alas! she died a wretched death," rejoined the old man, as he dashed a tear with his finger from his eye.

"How—how know you that?" interrupted Fairfield, impatiently.

"I was present at the dying scene, and closed her eyes."

"The children—how fared they?"

"I had them provided for until they were able to take care of themselves."

"The funds placed in the bank for their benefit"—

"The money was deposited by myself, in the name of Mordaunt."

The mystery was unravelled. Fairfield sprang to his feet—threw himself about the neck of Dalrymple, and exclaimed with warmth of feeling—

"My dear kind friend—my more than benefactor"—he could say no more. The fount of gratitude overflowed, and drowned the words he would have uttered.

The old man's heart also, could not contain its fullness. He pressed Fairfield to his bosom, and blubbered like a child. It was a kindly recognition which none but the purely benevolent of heart can fully appreciate. They hung in silence for some moments around each other's necks—and then re-embracing, they entered the sitting room, which overlooked the street.

CHAPTER XV.
FURTHER SURPRISES.

The gentlemen had scarcely seated themselves at the window, when a carriage rolled up in front of the house. A servant let down the steps, and a beautiful young woman tripped up the door steps and ran gaily into the room.

"My dear uncle," she exclaimed, as she bounded towards Mr. Dalrymple, who had risen to welcome her.

"Why, niece—your return is a little unexpected"—said he, giving her a kiss, with a hearty smack. Turning to Fairfield he added—"Fairfield, my niece. Susan, my young friend Fairfield.

The young woman shrank back a little, but in an instant rushed forward.

"Mr. Fairfield!"

"Susan Dalrymple, indeed! Really this is unexpected," rejoined Fairfield, surprized and confused.

The crimson which mounted to her cheeks, too plainly told that Susan was equally surprised and joyed in the meeting.

"Ah, ha! How is this? You've known each other before, hey!" said the old uncle, opening his eyes in seeming amazement.

"Oh yes, sir; I have enjoyed that happiness. It was—"

"I'll tell you all about it, uncle," interrupted Susan, "some other time." She tripped out of the room, to arrange her dress in another apartment.

The student and cottage girl had again met, after the revolution of a number of long years. All the associations of their first meeting, came back in distinct and vivid coloring; and perhaps new visions of happiness flowed in the imagination of each. Fairfield was bewildered when he reflected upon the many singular events connected with his fate, which had transpired within the few months which had rolled away since his return from the Brazilian Empire.

CHAPTER XVI.
THE DENOUEMENT.

Little more need be said to complete this narrative. Fairfield was rejoiced to find that the heart and affections of Susan were not particularly engaged. Like himself, she had long realized the mysterious connection between kindred souls, but she could not define the least principle which joined them in one reciprocal union. Fairfield loved, and Susan reciprocated the sentiment. The vows of constancy [illegible] nuptial hour finally appointed.

Meanwhile the property of Dalrymple was sold by the Sheriff, and bought in by Fairfield, who presented the title deeds to his benevolent friend and made him accept them. He formed a co-partnership with his brother-in-law, Everett, and again entered upon commercial pursuits. Everything was now arranged to his complete satisfaction, and the ceremony at the altar was all that was now wanting to make him supremely blessed.

The wedding day came at last. The bridal party was large and brilliant, and all was joy and happiness. The good old dame Morrison, the mother of Susan's mother, participated in the delightful occasion. Everett adhered to his cold water pledge, and would not taste of the wine provided for the wedding. He retired, with his wife, to a house which he rented, near the mansion of Mr. Dalrymple. Fairfield and his wife took up their abode with the worthy old man, and uninterrupted enjoyment was the happiness of all.

The parties frequently speak of the events connected with their respective histories, and descant on the uses of adversity and prosperity as directed by Wisdom from above. The old uncle turns with delight to the passage in Scripture which enjoins benevolence and good deeds, and shows the reward, namely:—

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou shalt find it again!"

From the Magazines

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR MAY.

THE PILLOW OF ROSES.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

She was a queen—and to this thought did yield
The very essence of her being up.
Guarded her heart as with a golden shield
Till love came sparkling in her life's full cup,
Which, like a brimming goblet rich with wine,
She dashed to atoms on the world's broad shrine.

"Will you leave me thus?"

"I dare not stay longer," said the royal girl, to whom these words were spoken, lifting her finger toward the palace window, and moving forward; "see, the reception-room is already lighted—a few moments and I shall be summoned to join the queen. Do not attempt to detain me."

"One word," pleaded the deep, manly voice which had first spoken, and a cavalier followed her out from the shadow of a large tulip tree, beneath which they had been conversing, and his fine figure, richly arrayed in a court dress, stood revealed in the moonlight; "give me but one word of hope, a single promise that you will struggle against the destiny which they are urging upon you!"

"Alas! what can I promise—what hope!" replied the young girl, folding her arms despondingly in the moonlight; "how can I, single handed, contend against their majesties of France! how break the plighted faith of my own kingdom—baffle the ambitious projects of my Uncle Guise—and, above all, wrong the heart of one who already looks upon me as his wife, and who loves me but too, too well!"

"But not as *I* love you, with this mighty strength of passion and judgment—not with his whole being, and with a sense that thrills every nerve as with strange music, and tinges each thought with a ray of your own young beauty. Ah, no! my sweet Mary, this effeminate dauphin never dreamed of the intense passion which swells through and floods my whole being. Nor do you love him, Mary. The queen might forget the dignity of mere station, even for a subject. But the woman who is regal of mind, and feminine by nature, must look upward for the object of her love."

The young man unconsciously drew himself up as he spoke, and his eyes flashed proudly in the moonlight. And Queen Mary of Scotland—the poetry of her young being was all awake, her bosom heaved, she felt the light spring to her eyes, and sparkle through the tears that shone there; a blissful sigh broke up from her heart, and, turning away her head, she murmured—

"Alas! it is all true. I cannot love the dauphin!"

"Do you love me?" said the young noble, taking both her hands in his, and bending his eyes pleadingly on her face. The proud fire had left them, and an expression was there, humble, but eloquent with tenderness. The question might have sounded abruptly to the royal girl, but for the low and almost feminine tones in which it was spoken.

Mary felt the blood swell up to her cheek and brow, but her warm, true heart prompted the answer, "As my own life!" she murmured, and with an impulse half shame, half tenderness, her face drooped forward, and rested on the hands which still clasped her own, and so near was it to the bosom of the impassioned suitor, that the prodigal curls which fell over it sunk in glossy masses on his embroidered vest. The noble disengaged his right hand, and drew her closer to him.

"Then shall we not be happy?" he questioned, in a voice that was low but rich with joyful feeling. "Let us leave this land, with its heartless court and hollow pomp. Believe me, this foreign match is hateful to the Scottish nation. There is not a true subject of your realm who would not fling up his cap in triumph, could he see his queen the bride of a true born Scot. The people of your realm feel that their sovereign is almost a foreigner in heart. Wed the dauphin, and the alienation which a residence here has created will be complete. They know that Mary Stuart will be more the subject of France than a Queen of Scotland—"

"Hark!" said the young queen, starting from the arm that circled her, and yet nestling close to his side, "did you hear a rustling sound?"

"It was but a nightingale trying his wing in the moonlight," replied the young man.

"Nay, there goes a shadow," exclaimed Mary, "yonder, behind the Queen's Walk. Heaven grant that no one has overheard us. Good night—nay, do not detain me another moment."

"It was but the shadow of a tree bough swayed by the wind," he answered; "dearest, we are alone."

But the terrified girl was not to be appeased. She trembled so violently, that his arm could scarcely support her.

"It was the queen—it was Catharine de Medicis," she said, "none else would be in that spot at such an hour."

"Nay, this is mere conjecture," said the youth, still attempting to reassure her, "and to convince you of it—see! there is the queen by her dressing-room window. Her hand has this moment hung back the drapery, and she seems to be looking forth on the moonlit garden."

Mary looked up and drew a deep breath, for she could not be mistaken in the person of Catharine de Medicis, who stood at a window opposite; the room was lighted brilliantly within, and a strong sunshine could not have revealed her superb figure to better effect. She was forcing back the volumes of rich drapery that fell over the window with her right hand, and her head was turned, as if speaking to some one within the chamber. The light fell with a soft glow on her vestments of purple velvet, and Mary could see, by the jewels that sparkled amid her hair and turned around the graceful curve of her neck, that Catharine was already arrayed for the festival, which was to be given that night in honor of her own birth-day. As she gazed, another figure appeared at the window, that of a fair girl, shorter by far than the queen, and with a profusion of ringlets from which the fresh rose-buds seemed dropping over her person. Her face, brilliant and beautiful, was lifted toward Catharine, and she seemed to be speaking low, but with great eagerness, for the queen bent her head as if to listen. After a moment, Catharine turned her face to the window, and looked keenly out, while her companion lifted her ungloved arm and pointed towards the tulip tree.

"Let us fall back into the shadow!" said the young nobleman, and he drew the trembling girl hastily toward the tree which they had left but a few paces. When he looked up again, Catharine de Medicis was gently shaking her head, as if in disbelief of something which the girl had urged upon her, and carelessly dropping her arm, she allowed the drapery to sweep over the window again.

"I shall be missed! in ten minutes I shall be missed!" said Mary, almost breathless with apprehension, and darting from the side of her companion she hurried toward the palace.

He sprung after her—"Come back, I beseech you!" he said, "not now, but after the festival—before you rest, come hither! I shall be waiting, and at that hour no one will think of the garden. Let us converse—let us decide on the future."

"I will come," said Mary, "but not another word—I am half dead with terror already!"

And drawing her hand away, she hurried along the shadowy side of a gravel walk, and entered the palace by a private door.

The young Queen of Scots entered her dressing-room. No one was there save the two waiting-women, who stood by the toilet. The wax lights were fore the mirror, and the women seemed restless with the long and fruitless attendance. A little ebony clock, chased and inlaid with gold, stood in a corner of the room. Mary cast her eyes on the dial and started to see how late it was. Hastily flinging herself in a chair, she shook her already half loosened tresses over her panting bosom, and desired her attendants to make haste in arranging them. But the women were sullen, and little inclined to disturb the dignity of a royal toilet with too much haste. Five minutes were exhausted in smoothing the rich mass of ringlets back from her fair forehead—another five, and Catharine de Medicis would expect her to join the royal circle before they entered the reception rooms.

Mary started to her feet, and gathering the whole wealth of her tresses in both hands, gave them one twist, and thrusting a diamond bodkin through the knot thus formed, allowed the bright mass to fall in beautiful profusion over her shoulders. With one hasty glance in the mirror, one pass of her small hand over the glossy curve of her head, she called for her bodice. It was of azure velvet, and even in her anxiety and haste, that small mouth dimpled to the remembrance that it was *his* favorite color. With her own hands she threaded the silken cord over her still panting bust, while one of her women smoothed the rich and silvery folds of her skirt, and the other was upon her knees fitting the silken slippers to each fairy foot, as its fellow beat restlessly against the ottoman with impatience at the least delay.

"No jewels—no ornaments to-night," she said, hastily putting aside the casket which her women presented; "well, well—rather than to see that crest-fallen look, clasp that one string of pearls to my neck, Beatrice. That will do!"

With a light step, but still disordered manner, Mary left the room, and, followed by her attendant, timidly entered the chamber where she had, a few minutes before, seen Catharine de Medicis. That remarkable woman was sitting near the window. She might have been just aroused from a refreshing sleep from the air of tranquil repose which hung about the person. Her foot rested on an ottoman, and was half concealed by the vestments of the same fair girl that Mary had seen talking with her at the window. She occupied a portion of the luxurious ottoman and her round arm rested in the queen's lap so heavily that a rich purple tinge crept up from the velvet of her robe, and gave a soft and mellow tone to its exquisite whiteness.

Catharine put her daughter's arm gently away as she saw the young Queen of Scots, and smilingly extended her hand.

"We were about to send a messenger to learn what kept the fair lady of Scotland at her toilet so long," she said, "but a birth-day fête requires some extra adornment."

Mary blushed and lifted a hand to her head, conscious that it betrayed evidence of anything but a fastidious taste.

"I was not aware how rapidly the time passed," she faltered, blushing still more deeply as the dark eyes of Margaret de Valois were lifted to her face.

"Very probable—"

Perhaps Margaret would have added something more, but for the quiet yet stern glance which Catharine bent upon her.

"I have always told you, Margaret," said the queen, "that simplicity of attire, such as our cousin Mary has chosen for her birth-night, requires both time and study."

Margaret de Valois smiled—but beneath the arch dimples that played round her voluptuous mouth might have been detected something of inquietude and scorn, which amounted almost to a sneer. It was not exactly that, but an expression singularly unpleasant was woven with that careless and smiling look which brought the blood more warmly to Queen Mary's cheek.

"Our cousin—our fair sister it should be—was always remarkable for her *simplicity*. Francis persists in it that there is not a shepherdess on her native hills so guileless and frank-hearted as his fair betrothed."

"The dauphin speaks like a lover, but not the less truly," said Catharine, rising. "It would be well if the same could be said of Margaret de Valois."

"She must have made trifling use of her mother's lessons and example, then," muttered the princess, as Catharine moved toward the door.

Margaret did not arise from the ottoman till her mother and Queen Mary had passed out. She then started to her feet, clenched her small hand together, and began to walk to and fro in the room. Her face was lowering and passionable in its expression, and she stamped her foot vehemently on the carpet once or twice, as if there had been a serpent coiled amid the woven flowers, which she was eager to crush out of existence. She was standing with her back to the door, when a hand was laid softly on her shoulder. It was Catharine de Medicis, who had returned to caution and reprove.

"Foolish girl!" said the subtle woman, without allowing her usually sweet voice to vary in the slightest intonation; "go smooth that ruffled brow, and follow us to the reception chamber."

"I cannot act a part to-night," said the princess, dashing away the passionate tears that sprung to her eyes.

Catharine took her daughter's arm, and led her to the mirror, which stood on a toilet close by.

"Look there," she said, "is that face one to lure back a laggard gallant?"

Margaret cast an angry glance at the mirror. Never had its delicate frame-work, of filagree gold, encompassed the reflection of a face so stormy with passion, and yet so beautiful. The effect which Catharine desired was instantly produced. The princess exerted herself to subdue the tremulous motion of her lips, and suddenly closed her eyelids, till the heavy black lashes lay knitted and working on her flushed cheeks, in a strong effort to force back the tears that still gushed through them, one by one, like diamond drops in a fringe of jet. Catharine looked on and smiled blandly. She took a flask from her dressing-case, and pouring its contents into a tiny crystal cup that stood by, handed it to her daughter.

"Bathe your eyes with this," she said, "it will take the flush away directly."

Margaret took the cup, and as she poured the sparkling fluid into her palm, turned her large black eyes, with a cold and half-mocking look, on her mother.

"Is it your highness's *favorite* perfume?" she said; "that which took such an effect on my uncle, the late dauphin!"

An angry and crimson streak shot across the queen's forehead and instantly disappeared. The next moment she became pallid beneath the scornful glance of her child—but it was not the eye of a girl like Margaret that could long disturb the composure of so smooth and practiced a being as Catharine de Medicis. Without appearing to observe the triumphant smile that circled her daughter's lip on noticing the effect of her taunt, she answered the question quietly, as if the words that had a power to move her for a moment, contained no hidden meaning.

"It was a favorite cosmetic with your lamented uncle, as it is now with the king," she said. "See if it has not given new brilliancy to the eyes of his daughter already."

Margaret glanced at the mirror and smiled, for the essence had indeed kindled her eyes with a brilliancy such as had never sparkled there before.

"If it could but light up the heart so!" murmured the strange girl, for with all the evil of her nature, there was mingled something impulsive and generous.

"There is no stimulus for the heart like a strong will!" replied the queen, impressively.

"Mother!" exclaimed the princess, abruptly, "is it still your belief that he whom I saw in the garden, an hour since, was not the Scottish ambassador?"

Before Catharine could answer, the door was flung open, and the page announced the king.

It was well known in the court of Henry II., that the festival given in honor of Mary Stuart's sixteenth birth-day, was but the prelude to many others, still more sumptuous, which were to celebrate her union with the dauphin, and heir of France. Queen Catharine, who combined in her character the two opposite qualities of unwomanly cruelty and exquisite taste, had superintended the arrangements for this important festival in person.

"The sweet flower of Scotland shall be fitly represented," she said. "Hers shall be a festival of roses!"

And so it was. Garlands of fresh flowers, with the dew scarcely dry upon their petals, fell a thick and fragrant drapery over the heavy window frames. The exquisite stucco work over-head gleamed like the ice tracery over a fountain through the massive festoons coiled around the carved beams which traversed the low ceilings. A thousand silver lamps twinkled, like stars, amid the drapery, blossoms, and their perfumed smoke wreathed itself lazily among the leaves, shedding a rich and voluptuous atmosphere through the apartment.

It was a warm night, and the casements were all flung open, but each was empowered with roses, and looked forth on an artificial labyrinth of rare plants, which perfumed the air as it swept to the apartments, where it softly waved the sweet flowers, the burning lamps, and the smoke that curled from them, with a sleepy and pleasant motion.

Their majesties had not yet appeared, but the apartments were already crowded with a throng of nobles and ladies—a mass of smiling, glittering, gorgeous life. The hum of soft, youthful voices filled the room, bright diamonds and brighter eyes flashed in the brilliant lamp-light. [illegible] gave an entertainment to her court without inventing some novelties for their amusement, some new and exquisite device, the emanation of her own perfect taste, which was certain to surprise and delight her guests.

That night it was rumored that a band of most skilful musicians had just arrived from Italy, and were, for the first time, to delight the court with their performance, and that statues of rare sculpture, never exhibited before, were to decorate the orchestra. Many a bright eye and anxious look was lifted to the curtain of heavy silk, which fell over the orchestra, long before a single fold was lifted; and when it was at length drawn up, in a gorgeous mass of crimson and gold, the vast rooms were filled with exclamations of delight. The little gallery of stone work, which had always accommodated the court musicians, was now a perfect jungle of flowers. A profusion of such blossoms as take their birth in foreign lands were entangled with sweet prodigality around the stone railings, the pillars, and the fretted canopy over-head; the very cord of gold, which looped up the curtain, was woven and twisted with Provence roses. A Cupid, sculpture-like from its perfect symmetry, but with a flush of warm life breaking over it, stood poised on an angle of the railing, a scarf of silvery white floated around him, and with one exquisite foot crushing down the flowers, he poised over the glittering throng with bent bow and a golden arrow just flashing from his fingers. Another, beautiful and life-like as the one just described, stood on an opposite angle. His bow was relaxed, the arrows lay tangled amid the garlands at his feet, and his rounded limbs crouched dejectedly beneath the masses of rich blossoms that half concealed them. On the centre railing, where the stone work was broad and massive, the image of a young girl appeared, in a half recumbent position, with closed eyes, and one arm resting languidly among the flowers that pillowed her head.

Were these the specimens of Italian art—the statues so new and rare, that Catharine had received from her native land? The lights in that portion of the room were small and dim, the statues might be marble, but, if so, art had given a warm and life-like tinge to the cold stone.

While the courtiers were full of wonder and delight, a sliding door beneath the orchestra shot behind its pillars, and Henry II. appeared leading Catharine de Medicis, and directly behind came the Dauphin Francis and Mary of Scotland.

As the royal party passed beneath the railing, a garland of tiny flowers dropped from the crouching Cupid, and rested on Mary's head. All looked up. It must have been accident, for the little god remained perfectly motionless beneath his burthen of blossoms. Mary turned her soft eyes upward, and smiled at the pleasant omen; but she felt the hand which lay upon Francis' arm tightly pressed, and a look of sadness followed the smile.

The royal party were advancing up the room, and a shadow still lay on Mary's face, when a golden arrow came flashing from the orchestra and dislodged the garland from her head. It was cut in twain and fell, arrow and all, at the dauphin's feet. While every one was looking at the poised Cupid, who stood motionless and as before, save that the arrow had left his bow, the dauphin took the azure ribbon, which suspended the insignia of some noble order, from his neck, and knotting the garland together, laid it with graceful gallantry on Mary's brow again. The arrow was a beautiful toy, burnished at the point and feathered with tiny gems, and when the courtiers looked towards the young couple again, Francis held it in his hand, and was about to secure the pretty crown in its place by thrusting the arrow through the azure knot and the bright ringlets in which it was embedded. That instant Mary looked up. The courtiers had drawn back to a circle, leaving the foreign ambassadors standing in front, and a little in advance of the rest stood the youthful representative of her own kingdom. His dark eyes were bent earnestly on her face, and there was something in their expression which deluged her face with crimson. She hastily lifted her hand, and put the arrow back.

"Nay, it is too sharp and heavy," she said, in a low voice, striving to smile.

"And therefore you leave it with me," replied the dauphin, in a voice as low as her own, but tender and almost reproachful in its tones, for with the quick perception of true love he had detected the cause of her confusion.

Mary did not reply, for her heart swelled at the thoughts of giving pain, and she could not trust her voice. Francis stood with his eyes rivetted on her. How eloquently those sweet features told what was passing in her mind! His naturally pale face grew a shade whiter as he gazed, and a look of keen anguish came to his eyes.

"I will keep it," he said. "It will be a fit remembrance of the hour, cold and glittering, as my [illegible]!"

He bent his head, and seemed occupied in fastening the arrow to the diamond star which shone on his breast, but in reality he was striving to conceal his emotion from the vigilant scrutiny of his royal mother and the Scottish ambassador.

This brief interruption of their progress had caused Mary to remove her hand from the dauphin's arm. When she placed it there again, after the arrow was disposed of, it was with a pleading, humble motion, that touched his heart. He was grateful, and tried to smile cheerfully again, but those few moments were such as turn the fate of a life-time. Francis knew that he was unloved, where every hope of his being was garnered up, and his smile was a painful one to look upon. He moved forward with that fair

creature leaning on his arm, all unconscious of the surprised and brilliant faces that everywhere turned toward the orchestra, and without feeling the burst of glorious music that swelled through the wilderness of flowers, and rang through the apartments like a jubilee. While he had been occupied by his own painful thoughts, and moving forward mechanically, a galaxy of lights had started up amid the flowery gloom which hung about the orchestra. The sleeping statue half rose and bent over a lute—the Cupids fell gracefully back, and each dropped to his knee amid the flowers, with a musical instrument—the statues were turned, as if by magic, into a group of musicians, glittering with silver and gossamer raiment.

Amid the swell of music, the perfume of flowers, and acclamations of pleasant surprise, Margaret de Valois was betrayed, surrounded by all the younger members of the royal family. She was the sleeping statue so promptly kindled into life, the smiling Cupids were her brothers, and from that blooming group came the music which rose and swelled, or subsided into soft sighs on the perfumed atmosphere.

If Margaret de Valois sometimes made a false note in her music, it was unnoticed in the hum and stir of the throng that moved a gorgeous mass beneath her seat; and if her dark eyes were constantly bent on one person alone of that moving crowd, there was no being, except her mother, sufficiently interested to observe it. Still her fingers wandered over the lute, and her rich voice was poured on the air—but she never once turned her glance from the Scottish ambassador. As the night waned, her eyes took a more brilliant fire, and the blood grew feverish in her cheeks. He had not turned his attention to her during the whole evening, but stood leaning against a pillar, regarding every look and motion of the young Queen of Scots, as if his very existence hung on her movements—and this it was that gave fire to her glance and fever to her cheek.

Long after the young musicians were supposed to have left the orchestra, Margaret crouched behind her flowery screen, jealously regarding him. If he moved, she forced back the garlands with her trembling hands to command a better view. If he remained, still she would kneel motionless, with her forehead pressed upon the stone railing, unmindful of the fragrance which she was crushing from the flowers that concealed her. At last she saw the king and queen withdraw from the glittering throng, and she knew, from the ambassador's anxious look, that Mary and the dauphin were about to follow. She reached forth her hand, and drew the golden cord that lay in a coil near her feet. The curtain swept down, and but for the light which flowed through its crimson folds, she would have been in darkness, as she was alone. Stealing through a small door into a neighboring corridor, she took up a mantle which had been flung from her person when she assumed the attitude of a statue, and enveloping herself in its folds, stole cautiously into the garden.

How quiet and holy was the stillness reigning through that garden. It fell subduingly even on the aroused feelings of Margaret de Valois, wicked as her errand was in that beautiful spot. The moon was in its zenith, a cool balmy air swept over the thickets, and a shower of dew drops rained from their branches as her mantle swept them in her hurried progress toward the tulip tree.

"I will know all," murmured the passionate girl, casting a hurried look around, before she concealed herself behind the huge trunk. "Once certain that it is himself—that love of another is the cause of his cold and scornful bearing—let me attain incontestable knowledge of this, and he shall feel that neither the love nor revenge of Margaret de Valois is easily shaken off."

Margaret drew in her breath, suddenly, and shrunk her limbs close together on the shadowy side of the huge trunk that formed her concealment, for that moment the tall form of a cavalier came hurriedly from the palace, and she could see the jewels of his ambassador's dress glitter in the moonlight. He paused beneath the thick branches which flung their shadow on the spot where she was crouching, and taking off his cap, allowed the cool air to blow over his forehead. She had time to observe that he breathed quick and heavily, and that he stamped his foot once or twice on the green sward as if prompted to the action by some inward excitement. But she had scarcely noted these things, or obtained a clear view of his face, when a female, muffled like herself, came from a private door of the palace, looking nervously around, as if afraid that the broad moonlight would expose her movements to observation. On seeing the cavalier, she sprung eagerly to his side, and leaning against the tree, panted for breath, as if overcome with terror and fatigue. It was a moment before the nobleman addressed her, and when he did speak, it was coldly and in a constrained voice. But its first tones made the blood thrill in the veins of Margaret de Valois with a quick, painful rush, as it had never thrilled before.

"If the Queen of Scotland had decided to become dauphiness of France, as her actions indicate, it would surely have been more kind had she admitted it a few hours since, and this painful interview might have been avoided."

Mary allowed the mantle to drop from her person, and even in that imperfect light the soft beauty of her face was visible, as she lifted it with an expression of affectionate surprise to that of her companion. There was something in that graceful attitude and subdued look which caused Margaret to turn away her head—she felt that such beauty could never be hers, perfect as she was in form and feature, and her heart grew faint with envy of attractions that know their birth in deep feelings alone.

"Nay, what change is this! What has so altered that tone and manner since we parted at night-fall!" she said, half anxiously, and yet she added with a [illegible] so eager to pour upon my ear, scarce an hour ago, been drowned by the soft lute-tones of our Cousin Margaret, or smothered in the wilderness of dying roses which the proud queen has left perishing in the festal chamber there!"

"A fit association!" said the noble, "a pleasant emblem of woman's love. Music that finds life beneath the fingers of a royal coquette—blossoms that drink a healthy bloom from the pure sunshine that is natural to them, but lavish their breath and drop apart from over ripeness, when they are touched by artificial lamp-light, or the poisonous breath of a profligate court. The love that exists in Catharine de Medicis' household, the voluptuous music of her unprincipled daughter, may well be coupled with yon broken garlands that have exhausted their pure breath in a false atmosphere, and hang scentless and drooping in the deserted festal hall, to be swept away by the first troop of menials that happen to remember that they cumber the walls. Those withered roses convey a lesson, fair queen. When broken from their dewy stems, in the garden here, and woven in masses on the walls of Catharine's palace, they did not seem more changed than the fair being who had left me but an hour before, with eyelids drooping to conceal the love light that slept beneath them, and words trembling on her lips which should only know birth in a true heart—not more changed than that same young creature leaning on the arm of Catharine de Medicis' son, blushing beneath his gaze, and receiving from his hand a type of the crown which must be taken in exchange for a heart true and devoted as mine has been."

Mary Stuart looked in the proud, and yet half sorrowful face of her lover, bewildered, but with a smile breaking through the red lips that were slightly unclosed in the surprise created by his words.

"Nay, this is affectation, or rank injustice," she said, and he felt the clasp of her small hand on his arm. "How could I refuse the escort of Francis, or thwart arrangements made by the queen. How could the blood be forced from my cheek when I felt the earnest gaze fixed on me by the only eyes that ever had power to bring blushes there!"

"Did not Francis bear away upon his bosom the golden arrow placed there by the hands of Mary Stuart before the whole court of France!" said the ambassador, in a softened voice.

Mary dropped her hands, and clasping them together, looked sadly on the ground.

"Would to heaven, no more painful arrow had been left in that kind heart!" she said. "Mine will never know a deeper pang than it felt when Francis read its secret in the blushes you complain of. He has learned for the first time that the affections of his betrothed wife can never be his. That love which blinded thee made *him* clear-sighted—but *he*, who had just cause, did not reproach me!"

The ambassador unfolded the arms which had been haughtily reposing on his bosom, and drawing closer to the young queen, held forth his hand; but she drew a step back and continued speaking, earnestly, and with some displeasure in her tone—

"You call me half French," she continued, "and my subjects will have it forsooth that gentle breeding and soft words cannot be joined with pure principles and strong purpose. And you, the ambassador of my people, think it a light thing to charge a queen, your own sovereign, with perfidy and fickle resolve. Believe me, fair sir, although the royal blood of Scotland courses in the heart of a weak girl, it has learned to respect itself even in the court of Catharine de Medicis. If my cheek crimsoned or grew pale to-night—and I felt that it did both—it was from no feeling unfaithful to the love I have perhaps too fondly expressed in this very place. When the dauphin clasped my hand at parting, a few moments since, it trembled to his touch agitated by the heart tremor that shook my whole frame. As a brother—a dear, kind brother—I love the prince; and when I asked permission to see him in the morning early and alone, it was scarcely above a whisper—for it seemed like treachery to leave him pale and wretched to meet his rival here."

"And yet you come with his garland on your forehead, publicly given as the French crown may be at some future day," replied the young noble, half ashamed of the jealous spirit with which he had greeted a being so proud and lovely.

"Mary shook her head with a slight gesture of impatience, and the garland fell to the ground.

"Were it indeed the crown of France it were as readily shaken off as that little coronal of flowers, perishing as they now are and typical of woman's love, as fading and worthless things are said to be."

"Nay, forgive the heresy," exclaimed the ambassador, bending his knee and pressing her hand in his, for her words had humbled his proud nature. "Thy lover's words did treason to his heart—look on him, he is indeed penitent."

Mary bent her bright, earnest face toward that of her lover, and, spite of herself, a smile just parted those red and restless lips.

"Nay, the comparison was not so very unjust after all, sir ambassador," she said, with a touch of that sweet coquetry which was so graceful in her, and pressing her small hand to his shoulder, she seemed roguishly inclined to keep him on his knees in the thick grass. "Promise me never to be jealous again, never to doubt, or put on that lordly air, till those same slandered roses are no more, and you have permission to arise."

"Not until the sweet contract which was planned here at nightfall is confirmed;" said the noble, "not till I am made certain that no machinations of Catharine can influence you again in favor of this French alliance."

Mary instantly became grave and earnest. "Go back to my people," she said, "prepare them for our union—gain over the English queen—and when this is done we will be wedded in our own kingdom."

"The queen of England is already secured to our interests," replied the ambassador eagerly, "and the Scottish nation requires no incentive to reconcile them to a union which places their queen once more in the bosom of her people. Inquire of the English ambassador, or any true Scot in Paris, and they will convince you that no measure can be unpopular with either country which rescues the sovereign of a nation from the influence, moral and political, of a woman like Catharine de Medicis. Be firm and resolute, sweet lady,"—he pleaded still more earnestly—"keep everything secret from the court of France. Depart under my own escort and that of the English embassy to a people who are clamorous for a sight of their sovereign. In three weeks all can be arranged, the thraldom of Catharine broken, and Mary Stuart an independent queen, wielding the sceptre of her ancestors."

"And with the crown matrimonial placed on this haughty forehead," murmured the royal listener, passing her hand playfully across the lofty brow uplifted toward her in the moonlight.

Even in the moonlight Mary saw the blood rush over that forehead while her hand was yet lingering amid the raven curls that shadowed it; her remark had sprung from the generous affection of a young heart, and she could scarcely comprehend that it was calculated to arouse the sensitive pride of her lover. She was therefore surprised when he arose from his knees, in spite of her restraining hand, and led her forth into the broad moonlight.

"Mary," he said, in a voice low and earnest, but the more impressive that it was quiet, "I do not deny that ambition which would lead me to seek advancement by all honorable means, it is a part of every energetic nature, and exists strongly with me. But, heaven is my witness, those feelings have no portion in the deep, deep love which made itself master of my whole being long before it was whispered even to my own heart. I struggled against it, wrestled with it, but all in vain. I love you, not that you are a queen, but in spite of your being such. Do you believe me, with your whole heart, lady, when I say this!"

"I have never for a moment thought otherwise," was the sweet and trustful reply.

"Will you, then, consent that I quietly prepare for a withdrawal to your own kingdom," pleaded the young man, clasping both her hands in his, "now, without a week's delay!"

"You shall decide for me in all things," was the affectionate reply, and Mary Stuart timidly kissed the hands that closed her own, as if she had been a peasant girl and that proud noble a monarch pleading for her love.

He drew her to his bosom, and held her there, looking down into that beautiful face which dimpled with happy smiles as the moonlight gleamed over it, and murmuring words of grateful tenderness—gentle words—but eloquent with the manly spirit which held her softer nature in thraldom.

"And have you indeed loved me so long and well!" she said, disengaging her form gently from his arms—all at once her mouth dimpled with an arch smile—and her face took that playful, mischievous expression which was one of its brightest charms, "so *very* long," she added, lifting her finger with childlike grace, "even while you were fascinated by the dark eyes of Margaret de Valois!"

"The eyes of Margaret never had charms for me," replied the lover a little impatiently, half vexed by her arch badinage.

"Nay, you are brought fairly to confession," continued the queen, playfully pursuing the subject, "Think you I was blind to the soft glances cast from the orchestra, this evening, as she played the lute to a proud cavalier who stood all the time leaning against a pillar close by, gazing—"

"Not on the bold eyes of Margaret de Valois," interrupted the lover, still more annoyed; "let me beseech you, lady, take not between those pure lips a name which is mingled with the jest and revelry of every gallant in Europe, a name which alike disgraces her sex and the blood royal of France, a—"

The young noble started, and the half uttered sentence died on his lips, for the word "dastard" was uttered close by him in a female voice, that of a person half suffocated with intense passion. He looked keenly around, every thing was hush as death, and for a moment he almost believed the harsh word had been uttered by Mary Stuart; but she, too, had heard the voice, and the sweet, timid whisper with which she drew close to his side, was utterly unlike that in which the single word was uttered.

"What was that—sure I heard a strange sound!" she said.

"I heard it also," said the noble, "remain here a moment while I go and search yonder thicket."

"He went toward the thicket, and peered anxiously through the dewy branches which hung motionless in the moonlight, while Mary drew back and leaned trembling against the tulip tree so near to the concealed figure of Margaret de Valois, which crouched close to the earth on the other side, that her garments brushed the muffled head which lay pressed against the rough bark.

"I can find nothing," said the noble, returning to the terrified queen, "every thing is still within the garden, not even the wing of a sleeping bird stirs itself, and yet the voice seemed close by." He looked upward into the great branches woven over-head as he spoke, but the moonbeams were shimmering among the thick leaves and nothing so large as a human being could have been concealed among them.

[illegible] ing a deep breath, "yet it is strange that some unaccountable sound should have startled us twice the same night, and on this spot."

The lovers moved toward the place while Mary was speaking. Margaret de Valois rose slowly to her feet and looked after them, her hands clenched beneath the mantle that concealed her, and her black eyes glittering in the moonlight. When they had disappeared she crept stealthily toward the palace, through the private door to her mother's chamber. But twice during her progress she was so near to the Queen of Scotts that she could distinguish the quick and panting breath with which she hurried toward her apartments.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

The Farmer.

Sugar in Vermont.—We observe that many papers contain a thumping story as to the production of sugar in Vermont, credited to us. Vermont is a sweet State, and we have no doubt can produce a million dollars worth of sugar a year at five cents a pound; but then she has not yet done it. Somebody has made an error in the figures in copying from the Watchman. A few weeks ago we stated the quantity of sugar made in Vermont last year, as estimated by the Commissioner of Patents, viz: 6,147,211 lbs., which at only five cents a pound, would bring the sum of $307,360 55. This is a handsome sum for the farmers of Vermont to raise at a season of the year when, comparatively, *nothing else could be done*. The average price of maple sugar is, however, considerably above five cents—probably eight, which would give hard on to half a million of dollars last year. Without increasing the *quantity* produced, the *value* may be raised to 10 or 12 cents, or to from $600,000 to $700,000 per annum. The way for the farmers to do it is to make *all* their sugar *clean* and *first rate*. When that is done, they can command high prices.—*Vermont Watchman.*

Relief of Choked Cattle.—A correspondent of the Albany Cultivator says—"It is not, I believe, generally known among farmers, that an ox or cow may be relieved in one minute from the danger of death and anguish of pain produced by a potato or any other thing lodged in the œsophagus, or passage to the stomach, by an operation so simple that any boy in his teens may perform it without the least danger to the patient. Take a common carriage whip, the butt or handle of which is an inch or an inch and a quarter in diameter, and smooth, let an assistant raise the head of the beast to be operated on, so high that the lower jaw will be parallel with the lower part of the neck; thrust the butt into the mouth, and push forward boldly but steadily, till you have pushed the potato or substance into the stomach. I feed my cows potatoes without cutting, as I have no fears of their being injured by choking, the remedy in that event being so simple."

Horse Chestnut Hedge.—Wenzel Hannock, (*Aesculus hippocastanum*) as best adapted for forming a hedge impervious to men or animals. The seeds, when gathered, are spread out in a dry chamber for a few weeks. They are then planted in a shallow trench formed by a hoe or plow, dropping them four or five inches apart in the row, and covered with earth. The young plants will appear about the close of the ensuing April, and should be kept well weeded. In the spring of the third year, before the sap begins to flow, the stems are bent across each other so as to form a kind of wickerwork, and bound firmly together at the crossing by means of willow twigs, or bass. If this be well done, the trees unite permanently at those points, forming a lasting and impenetrable fence. By proper care in the subsequent pruning of the hedge, denseness can be greatly promoted, and a neat and handsome appearance imparted to it.—*New Genesee Farmer.*

Good Government.—The best tamer of colts that was ever known in Massachusetts, never allowed whip or spur to be used; and the horses he trained never needed the whip. Their spirits were unbroken by severity, and they obeyed the slightest impulse of the voice or the rein, with the most animated promptitude; but, rendered obedient to affection, their vivacity was always restrained by graceful docility. He said it was with horses as it was with children, if accustomed to beating they would not obey without it; but if managed with uniting gentleness, united with consistent and very equitable firmness, the victory once gained over them was gained forever.

In the face of all these facts, the world goes on manufacturing whips, spurs, gallows and chains; while each one carries within his own soul a divine substitute for these devil's inventions, with which he might work miracles, inward and outward if he would.

The Plum—Curculio.—We have been informed upon very good authority that in one nursery the plum has been saved by sprinkling salt around the tree as far as the branches extend, and thick enough to make the surface white, or decidedly whitish. This must be done while the tree is in blossom, or while the fruit is setting. If this will prove effectual, it must be by destroying the insects or grubs while in the ground, or just as they are ready to emerge. The experiment is one that can be tried with great convenience, and with very little risk—for the plum tree is usually benefited by the application of salt. Some of the most fruitful plum trees of this vicinity are in soil that was once salt marsh.—*N. E. Farmer.*

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Philadelphia:
Saturday Morning, May 13, 1843.

☞ Mr. Peter G. Eberman, of Lancaster, Pa., will receive moneys on account of subscriptions to the United States Saturday Post.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $2, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of James' new novel, "FOREST LIFE," *gratis*.

For $5, three copies of United States Saturday Post and Arthur's new novel, "FANNY DALE."

For $10, seven copies of United States Saturday Post and either of the novels.

For $20, seventeen copies of United States Saturday Post and both novels.

For $5, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's World.

For $10, three copies of United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Lady's World.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage.

Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion, and have good reading gratis; and any subscriber, by sending $2 in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

What is your opinion of things in general? is a question with which some wags delight to dumb founder any individual who feels it a duty to answer a question, whether he can or not. The answer to it now, is ready enough—for since the banks in particular, have resumed, "things in general" appear to be in a state of suspension. To begin with the weather—a topic seldom alluded to in colloquy—the clouds keep a quantity of rain in a continual state of suspension—except when they open and drench the earth, already like "a saturated sponge"—to say nothing of those bipeds who have lent their own umbrellas, and cannot find any person fond enough to do them the same good turn.

Politics are also in a state of suspension—including the Universal Yankee Nation, and Texas also. In the latter country, there seems some doubt whether Commodore Moore, Col. Warfield, or Samuel Houston is President regnant. Commodore Moore is fighting Campeachy on his own hook, Col. Warfield is cutting the throats of land travellers under the same direction, and both profess, and indeed, do hold Texan commissions. The possession of these parchments would not seem to include that of discretion, however. While Houston is busy at home, disavowing the acts of these young gentlemen, he has also abundance to do with parties in Texas. One of these, with which Houston is said to be connected, seeks the alliance and support of England, on the condition of the abolition of slavery, and the pacification, on some terms, of Mexico. The other would keep domestic matters *in statu*, and continue the war with Santa Ana. How we are to distinguish between truth and falsehood in the various rumors which reach us, or to measure the strength of the parties, is among suspended questions.

In our own country we are puzzled also. One account says that Mr. Webster has resigned—another that he has not; one says that Mr. Tyler has accepted Mr. Webster's resignation, and another that he will not let him go. It strikes us that there has been quite an unnecessary waste of words in this matter. The Secretary led the way in the mystification, by his speeches, and the newspapers have labored as hard to keep up the uncertainty as they would to excite interest in a "forthcoming work" of "immense interest," and so forth, and so forth. We shall take till next week to announce whether a successor to Mr. Webster [illegible] more being quite of the "suspension" order. There is another matter which has just been opened, and sparkles like a bottle of Heidseck, with quite as much effervescence. Mr. Cushing is at the bottom of this "bubblelation." Mr. Everett, we know, has declined the mission to China. Mr. Cushing, it is said, has received the appointment; but there is an unlucky clause in the act which, were we Mr. Cushing (which (qu. who?) it is hardly necessary to remark we are not) would suspend our acceptance. It reads: "*And provided further*, That no agent shall be sent by virtue of this act, unless he shall be appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." Now if Mr. Cushing means to pay his own salary and outfit, as Com. Jones is bound to pay for the Kingdom of Monterey, and the three spiked guns, it is all very well. Otherwise, otherwise.

Literary matters are also decidedly in the condition of Mahomet's coffin. If it were not that we are bound to express no confident opinion in this series of sentences of dubitory suspension, we should come out decidedly in favor of an international copy-right law—not on the ground of the claim of foreign writers, but as a protection to American publishers. We do not hold or believe that any foreigner has a personal right to the proceeds or any part of them, of the sales of his works in this country; but we do believe, from the course that matters are taking, that publishers, and with them the public, have an interest in the establishment of some means by which the value of books can be secured to the printers; so that a publisher may have the power to secure to himself something like a return for the money he invests. In this view the matter is worth serious thought. At present certain works are selling at ruinous prices, and rival editions contend for cheapness. That a present good is obtained in the wide dissemination of knowledge is not to be disputed—but a wide dissemination of tares goes with the wheat. Nor, do we believe, were some enactment of this description passed, would the price of books be materially or unreasonably enhanced. The public would be sure of better editions of good books, and the booksellers could proceed with some feeling of security in their business. Every thing just now is in a state of uncertainty. With novels and that sort of reading in cheap form, the market is glutted, and the sales have fallen off, at least seventy-five per cent. Something will happen by and by to settle this condition of uncertainty, and to cool the fused elements into some determinate shape or other. What it will be, is as yet impossible to predict—but every thing in literature is on the turning point. We may refer to this matter again.

In our foreign news will be found some interesting paragraphs from parliamentary speeches relative to this country. Lord Brougham, as our readers noticed last week, was particularly generous. It is said that the early Patron of the Penny Magazine, proposes a visit to this country; and furthermore, that he is talked of either as resident Minister, or as a special ambassador. This may be a key to his support of Ashburton. Undoubtedly, should he come he would be warmly—but, we trust not extravagantly welcomed.

A large portion of this day's paper is occupied with a notice of Mr. Gliddon's lectures. It is a subject which we have thought must be widely interesting; or so much pains would not have been taken to prepare the notice. Upon our outside will be found a conclusion of one tale and the commencement of another. The story commenced, "The Pillow of Roses," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, will be found one of the most deeply interesting stories which that lady has yet written, and the conclusion will be given in next week's paper. If there is less variety than is usual in this day's Post, it will not, we trust, be found inferior in interest to preceding numbers.

THE DAGUERROTYPE.

Mr. Simons, whose photogenic office is next door to our own establishment, in Chesnut Street, has, for some time, been considered one of the most successful operators with the Daguerrotype in this country. His portraits have all had a *tone* superior to that of others taken in the same way, a *naturalness* of expression which his compeers vainly endeavored to equal. He has recently, after many experiments, discovered a mode of coloring his portraits, which places them on an equality with the most finished works of the pencil, as pictures, and far above them as likenesses. His collection of specimens is worth examining. He has taken out a patent for his invention.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE MAYOR SCOTT.

The friends and immediate official attendants of our worthy Mayor, John M. Scott, Esq., were on Monday shocked by an attempt at his assassination; but as it proved abortive and as the intended victim providentially escaped, and without serious injury, the intelligence went forth to the public in a form less appalling than if the news of the shot had had the start of the failure. The Mayor was struck in the back with the ball from a small pocket pistol, which passed through his coat, and vest, but fortunately struck the leather of the suspenders where they were crossed, and glanced aside, without other injury to Mr. Scott than a severe bruise, though the shock somewhat staggered him at the moment. The assault took place in the Mayor's Office, and the man was instantly arrested by officer Young, who entered at the moment. No person was present at the time of the discharge of the pistol, except the assassin and the Mayor, whose back was turned upon him, he (the Mayor) being in the act of leaving the apartment. He made no resistance, and being unable to speak English, gave no explanation. Some powder and several balls were found upon his person; and he was committed to Moyamensing prison. We are happy to state that the Mayor has suffered but temporary inconvenience, and no danger; and that he is already able, after his truly providential escape, to resume his official duties. Such events as these try the public estimation of a man; and our worthy Mayor can hardly regret the event, in view of the gratifying expressions of sympathy in his behalf which this matter has called out.

The circumstances preceding this affair are as follows. It appears that the man, who claims to be a Roman by birth, and gives his name as Adelbert Benedicte Ptolemeis, called, about six months since at the Mayor's Office, representing himself as a destitute foreigner, and asked for assistance. Mr. Scott offered him money, but he declined receiving it, and seemed to insist upon Mr. S.'s furnishing him with a room and placing it at his disposal. He made several visits to the office for the same purpose, but always with the same result. At each visit, his inquiries were always for the Mayor, and he was invariably shown into the private office. He could not speak a word of English, making his wishes known to the officers by signs, and conversing with the Mayor in rather indifferent French. On Saturday afternoon, he again made his appearance, and asked the Mayor to procure him furnished apartments. Sympathizing with his distresses, Mr. Scott desired him to call again on Monday and he would try to do something for him.

On Monday he was admitted to the Mayor's private office, and preferred his usual petition for furnished apartments, which, it seems, he considered the Mayor in duty bound to afford him. This petition Mr. Scott informed him it was out of his power to comply with, but he offered to relieve his distresses by a pecuniary present. The stranger rejected this offer with indignation and at the same time used some indecorous remark, when Mr. Scott arose, took his hat, went to the door leading to the hall, and, addressing him in French, said, "now, sir, I must leave you." Upon opening the door, and as he was stepping out, he was approached by the man from behind, who drew a pocket pistol, loaded with a ball, and fired the contents at the back of the Mayor; with the result which we have already stated.

From the conduct of the prisoner, since his arrest, it would appear that he must be insane. He obstinately refuses to answer all questions relative to his views or motives, and preserved a haughty demeanor to all who approached him on Monday; and on Monday night, he made an attempt to commit suicide. He was discovered, on Tuesday morning, sitting up in one corner of his cell in a state of insensibility, with a black handkerchief around his neck, and weltering in his own blood. On examination, it was found that he had inflicted upon himself several deep cuts, two in his left arm and one on each instep, severing the tendon of the right foot. The instrument with which the wounds had been inflicted was found by his side, and it was the broken point of a small pen-knife blade, about an inch long. Around the thick part of the arm, above the elbow, a portion of the hankerchief was bound tightly, after the manner of binding the arm of a patient about to be bled, but the bandage did not answer the purpose intended, as none of the important veins were cut, the instrument being too short to enable the operator to effect this object. From the same cause also it was that no artery was injured. He had evidently attempted to destroy himself by hanging in the course of the night, and upon finding that he could not do so in that manner, he endeavored to effect his purpose by bleeding himself to death.

His papers, his trunk of clothes in good order, his letter to the Mayor, and his supposition, evident enough that that officer was bound to furnish him apartments to pursue his profession as a painter, all unite to show that he must be insane; and as such, should he survive the attempt upon his own life, he should be put in a place of security. At present, his condition is very low, from the loss of blood, and his case excites a great deal of sympathy. He was not restored even to partial consciousness until noon on Tuesday.

ARREST OF SHIPMAN.

Shipman, the absconding messenger has been arrested, and is perhaps, before this, on his way back. But the whole proceeding in relation to him was in all somewhat curious. He was pursued by J. O. Jones, Post-master at Terre Haute, Indiana, and two other gentlemen to Carlinsville, Illinois, and brought back to Terre Haute, where, at last accounts he appeared to be at large, and at liberty to return to New York, or take any other direction which might please him better. A letter has been received from him by his wife, and another by a friend of his in this city. One of his letters commences—"I am taken by two men of this place," (Terre Haute, Indiana.) He then proceeds to state that the persons who captured him took from him the packages of money, and then returned him $250, in order to pay his way on to Philadelphia. He was waiting for the first steamboat. It would seem from his letter, that he was at large, and letters from other sources state that he is penitent, and anxious to explain the whole affair to his former friends, and especially to the parties injured. A letter from the Post-master to Robert Johnston, Esq., of this city is as follows:

Terre Haute, Ia., April 28, 1843.

Dear Sir—On the 23d instant, in McCaupin County, Illinois, Jacob Shipman delivered into the possession of Thomas D. Brooks and myself a package of bank notes and drafts, amounting to five thousand three hundred and twenty-two dollars. Said package was opened by Mr. Shipman in our presence, and at our instance, and the contents found to correspond with the letter of advice enclosed. It was addressed by yourself to Messrs. Drew, Robinson & Co., New York. We followed Mr. Shipman from this place. We have had a very severe ride through the Illinois Prairies, and have incurred considerable expense, which we trust will be duly considered by you in the directions you may give us relative to the disposition of the aforesaid package. Mr. Shipman will return to your city by the first steamboat. He appears desirous of doing what he can to make amends for past errors.

According to the Terre Haute Courier of the 29th April, Shipman's notions of right and wrong must be very peculiar. He stated that he had made use of no money but that of the Bank, with which he had paid some debts—that he had done nothing wrong, and wished to return. The proceedings of the P. M. and his friends are also queer. Opening sealed packages is a step which does not entitle them to thanks, and the giving to Shipman of $250 is being very liberal with other men's money. Five thousand three hundred dollars only are accounted for at all, but of the loose funds in his charge, of which he was known to have $2600 in his possession, nothing is said.

Since the above was in type, we find the statement that Shipman arrived at Louisville on the 4th inst. He is, says the Louisville Journal, returning voluntarily, being unaccompanied by any officer, and entirely unrestrained in his movements. He gave up $19,000 in Terre Haute in various kinds of funds, for which he took a receipt.

LATE FROM RIO GRANDE.

Advices at New York to March 4th, state that Rio Grande was in a state of great excitement; the Rebels were every day expected to attack the city with a force of nearly fifty thousand men, nearly all mounted on horses. They were within thirty miles of Rio Grande when the La Grange left, and were making all despatch to reach that place. The Imperialists, however were well prepared to meet them. More than 60,000 troops had arrived on the 9th and 10th of February from different parts of Brazil. On the 12th, 8000 men arrived from Pernambuco and their whole force amounts to more than 85,000 men, who are posted about the town. The only advantage the Rebels have is their horses, with which they are well supplied. There had been no engagement between them lately. The officers of the Rebels were some of them in Rio Grande, watching the movements of the enemy; four of them had been taken prisoners on the 30th of January, tied to stakes, and there left to perish.

CALIFORNIA.

We begin to think that Commodore Jones was not so very far out of the way in taking possession of California, after all. The rumor of a declaration of war between the United States and Mexico must have been very widely circulated, and very generally believed in California. Probably it originated in Mexican Gasconade; and probably also, but for the movements of Commodore Jones in bringing matters to a crisis, Americans and American property might have suffered not a little on the coast, and in the Province.

What leads us to the opinion that the "rumors of war" must have been very prevalent, are the following facts; by which it would appear that a Yankee merchant ship also "conquered California." The Alert, Capt. Phelps, of Boston, was at anchor in the harbor of San Diego last October, and had nearly all her stores and part of ballast on shore ready for taking in cargo, when intelligence was received of a declaration of war between the United States and Mexico, and of the capture of Monterey by Com. Jones, and that the soldiers from San Pedro (a place about three miles from San Diego) had received orders to proceed forthwith and capture the Alert.

On the 29th of October, the intelligence was confirmed by a party of hunters, (Americans) who came on board the Alert with all their property, seeking protection from the anticipated movements of the hostile troops. Capt. Phelps immediately took possession of the fort ashore, spiked the guns, and then got his stores on board and every thing ready for slipping his cables if necessary. The Alert had four six-pounders on board, which were brought to bear on the shore; and, as the vessel lay within pistol shot of the land, her guns fully commanded the beach. With a crew of sixteen men and boys, half a dozen hunters, (excellent riflemen,) and plenty of arms and ammunition, Capt. Phelps determined not to slip his cables or abandon his cargo on shore without burning a little gunpowder.

The Mexicans wisely kept out of the way while these pugnacious preparations stared them in the face. On the 1st of November, the official intelligence of the evacuation of Monterey was received, and, as a matter of course, Capt. Phelps ceased warlike operations, and commenced putting his ship in order for taking in cargo. Such a man may safely be pronounced "on hand."

CURIOUS STORY.

The following appears in the New Orleans Bee. It is well understood that President Houston and Gen. Santa Ana are laboring to bring about an understanding between Texas and Mexico, with which endeavors the expeditions by land into the Mexican territory, as well as the movements of Com. Moore by water, interfere. If Com. Moore has gone to Campeachy, as he announced his intention to do, it is in direct opposition to the commands, as well as the wishes of his government; and if he has also taken the liberty of hanging one or two of his crew, without the approval of the proper department, his case will not be mended thereby. Altogether, his proceedings seem more like those of an absolute monarch, than those of a subordinate officer in a republic.

"We learn from our private correspondence, that the Commissioners of Texas, who arrived in New Orleans a few days before the sailing of the Texian fleet, had instructions from President Houston to demand the vessels of war from Com. Moore and to apply to the United States authorities for aid in taking possession of them in case the Commodore refused to surrender them. They had likewise a proclamation from President Houston, denouncing the expedition as *piratical*, and unauthorised by government, in the event the vessels could not be taken. Com. Moore, we are informed, intimated to the Commissioners that he would proceed to Galveston, and have a talk with the President upon the matter, which induced them to keep quiet until he got ready to go to sea. One of the Commissioners went on board the Austin, with the Commodore, thinking to have a pleasant trip to Galveston in a Government vessel; but we learn, through a gentleman who also set sail in the Austin for Texas on a matter of business, that the Commodore informed him at the Balize that if he was anxious to get to Texas soon, he had better get on shore as he did not expect to get there himself in a hurry. The gentleman took the hint and left the ship—the Commissioner is in all probability at this time in Campeachy. The Commodore apologized to the gentleman for not having informed him at New Orleans that he did not purpose sailing for Texas, saying that it would not have been prudent for him to have disclosed his destination at an earlier period.

We learn also, that the last packet carried out an official notification to Judge Eve (our *Charge* in Texas) *of his recall*, and the appointment of Wm. S. Murphy in his place.

ANNIVERSARIES.

The Protestant Episcopal Convention of this diocese meets on Tuesday next in St. Andrew's church. On Monday the annual Sunday School celebration takes place, in the schools connected with this denomination.

The Religious Anniversaries are now in progress in New York. They commenced on Sunday evening with the New York City Bible Society. The receipts of the society during the year have been a little less than $7000, and its expenditures about the same. (Any surplus which may exist is regularly paid over to the American Bible Society.) It has distributed during the year about 10,000 volumes to seamen, immigrants, humane and criminal institutions, as well as the destitute generally.

On Monday the annual meeting of the Seamen's Friend Society took place. Addresses were delivered by Rev. S. Holmes, of New Bedford, Mr. Welch, a sailor, and others. The expenditures of the society for the year have been $13,785—about $800 more than the receipts.

On Tuesday the anniversary meetings of the Foreign Evangelical Society; the American Sunday School Union, and other societies were held. The Evangelical Society have expended about ten thousand dollars and still have a balance of about $800 in the treasury. Rev. Robert Baird, read the report of the committee. It was a very long, able and elaborate report, setting forth at length and with great force the purposes of the society, its progress thus far towards their attainment, and the grounds it has to expect increased success for the future.

At the meeting of the Sunday School Union, we notice among the speakers, Dr. Peck, of Illinois, Dr. Lewis, Mr. Hague, of Boston, and Dr. Tyng, of this city. Dr. T. addressed the children in the morning, and also made a speech at the evening session, which is characterised as an animated and effective address, exhibiting the moral character and responsibilities of our age, and the urgent necessity of faithfulness and energy on the part of the believers in Orthodox Christianity.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

We are pained to announce another terrible Railroad accident in New England. On Friday morning of last week, the train on the Charlestown Branch Rail-road was passing the bridge in front of the State Prison at Boston, the engine was thrown off by the looseness of a rail, and the passenger car precipitated into the mud and water below, a distance of 15 feet. The Transcript says that there were from 15 to 20 passengers in the car, including several ladies, of which number the following were injured: Mr. Samuel H. Brown, Ipswich, killed; Miss Rebecca Hill, West Cambridge, collar broken and ankle fractured; Mr. Taylor, engineer, of Worcester, slightly injured; J. M. Glidden, Eben Baker and J. M. Harris, slightly injured; D. Chambers, conductor, badly injured—back broken. There were several other persons injured more or less, but, in the confusion, their names could not be ascertained. Many escaped as by a miracle. The chain broke, and the baggage car was prevented from going over, which fortunately saved many who would otherwise have been instantly killed. It was also fortunate that the tide was low, which prevented them from being drowned. The Post of Saturday states that Mr. David Hosmer of Acton, a laborer, died in the afternoon, and that Mr. Chambers was not expected to live.

EXPERT NAVIGATORS.

The Boston Bee relates an instance of the exactness with which nautical reckonings may be kept, which is highly honorable to the parties concerned. The ship Caroline, Fabens, from Canton, and the ship Alert, Phelps, from San Diego, California, both arrived at that port on Thursday evening—the one from the far East, the other from the far West. They both sailed on the same day, Dec. 30th, and spoke each other twenty-one days before entering Boston, and on inquiring the longitude of each other, the one gave 61 15; the other 61 16; an instance of agreement in dead reckoning, after so long a voyage, seldom known among nautical men. The respective passages were performed in one hundred and twenty five days.

INTERESTING OCCASION.

The Massachusetts Historical Society will celebrate the second centennial anniversary of the New England Colonies, on the 29th of May. The members of the New York Historical Society will be present. The celebration will take place at Boston, and a discourse will be delivered by the Hon. John Quincy Adams. Such a subject in such a man's hands, will not only be deeply interesting, but furnish material for future historians.

ORGANIZED BANDITS.

Rumors have been prevalent that an organized party of banditti had started from the Western States to intercept the Santa Fe traders, under the command of one Warfield, who holds a Texan commission, which will not save him if he thus prostituted it, to the purposes of murder and robbery. One of his gang has been arrested at Independence, Mo., and confesses the murder of a Spaniard named Charvis, who was on his way for Independence from Santa Fe. The booty obtained was about $35,000 in specie. Such horrible business as this must not be permitted under any pretext, Mexican or Texan. Mason has given up the names of some accomplices, who will consult their own safety by not returning to the United States. They are McDaniels, of Clay county, two men named Searcy, and one named Harris, residence not known, and Dr. Prefontaine, of Westport, Mo. These men were part of a company of fifteen or twenty men which left Independence under the command of McDaniel about the 1st ult., for the Arkansas, to join Col. Warfield. Col. W. was, when Mason left, at the little Arkansas, with 45 men, waiting to intercept a party of traders who were expected to leave Santa Fe about the first inst.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

We have, from the West, the particulars of another terrible steamboat accident. The Pittsburg Chronicle states that on Friday night of last week, the steamboat Forester, while lying to, to put a passenger ashore, about twenty miles up the Allegheny, was run into by the Pulaski, the bow of the Forester striking the Pulaski opposite her boilers, which were thrown down by the concussion, and the steam pipes were separated. The steam rushed among the passengers, and scalded some of them in a shocking manner. The names of the sufferers are as follows: Wm. Coon, of Erie county, New York, very badly scalded; Michael Hawkins, steward of the Pulaski, very badly scalded. These two are the worst injured, but will probably recover. Sheridan McCullough, of Redbank, Jefferson county, Pa., had his arms and face badly scalded. James Gibson, of Oil Creek Township, Crawford county, Pa., do. A man named Wing, slightly scalded. From the statement of those on board the Forester, it would seem that five or six persons were knocked overboard and drowned, several others swam ashore. Every attention was paid to the injured persons at Pittsburg.

THE COMET.

This phenomenon, which so much occupied the attention of star gazers among us, seems to have created a sensation wherever it was visible. A letter from Constantinople, under date of March 20, says:—"The comet continues to occupy the attention of the public. The Turks are for the most part convinced that its appearance is one of the signs, forerunners, of the last day, and that it otherwise predicts fearful misfortunes. The phenomenon, which is gradually becoming more faint, has carried off all the caloric from these parts. The weather has been colder since its appearance, than at any other period of the winter. The thermometer has fallen at night as low as twenty-five deg. Fahrenheit, and the mountains on the Asiatic coast, bordering the Propontes, have been covered with snow. The Malta Times, states that on the 17th of March, the inhabitants of that island were both surprised and in some instances alarmed by the appearance.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

A letter in the Boston Times, dated at Strafford, N. H., states that while the belfry of a new meeting house in that town was in course of erection, on the 24 instant, a terrible accident took place. The timber being piled up almost directly over one of the beams, the support underneath gave way, which caused the beam to break, and precipitated about 20 men with the falling timbers a distance of about 25 feet, among the rocks and timbers beneath. Several of the persons were taken out, mangled and injured in the most shocking manner; two or three of whom were considered in a dangerous situation by the Physician then present. One of the number, Mr. Timothy G. Langley was entirely senseless for several hours. It is hoped, however, that all may recover.

TRADE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

In a report made by Mr. Barrow of Louisiana, in the Senate of the United States, some extraordinary facts are stated in reference to the Great Valley of the Mississippi. This region comprises nine States and two Territories, with a population of nearly seven millions. In 1842, there were 450 steamers running upon the Mississippi, and about 4000 flat boats. The value of the downward trade to New Orleans is estimated at $120,000,000 annually—the upward trade at $100,000,000; the whole trade to the enormous amount of *two hundred and twenty millions* of dollars per annum—only about thirty millions less than the entire value of the foreign trade of the United States, exports and imports, in 1841.

TEXAS AND MEXICO.

It is stated in the New Orleans papers, on the authority of recent advices from Mexico, that the governments of the United States, of England and of France have joined in remonstrating against the predatory war carried on by Mexico against Texas. The instructions of the United States Secretary of State to General Thompson, our Minister at Mexico, are quite explicit in declaring the war, as conducted by Mexico, to be contrary to the laws of nations. Mr. Webster asserts the undoubted right of Mexico to resubjugate Texas, if she can, by the common and lawful means of war, but that other nations are interested, more particularly the United States, in the manner in which the war shall be conducted.

THE BANKRUPT LAW.

Judge Catron, of St. Louis, recently delivered a decision, confirming the constitutionality of the Bankrupt Law, and reversing the decision of Judge Wells in the District Court, in the particular case upon which an appeal was taken—a decision which, it is understood, will control the action of Judge Wells in respect to all other cases which have been brought before him. On the other hand, Judge Douglass of the Circuit Court at Quincy, Ill., decided at its recent session that the late General Bankrupt Law was unconstitutional, and that, therefore, a discharge under it was of no effect as to creditors.

WISCONSIN MARBLE.

The Milwaukie Courant celebrates a vein of marble found in the county, in Illinois, in which the town is situated. It is said to exist in inexhaustible quantities, and in layers of from two to six inches in thickness. The color is a light gray with darker colors in irregular spots, but there is so little difference in the color that at a distance it appears uniform. In hardness and firmness of texture, and consequently in durability, the Milwaukie marble exceeds most of the other marble of this country. It is capable of receiving a high polish, and its appearance is clear, uniform, and beautiful.

TREASURY NOTES.

Our readers will recollect that last week we spoke of certain Treasury Notes, said to have been cancelled at New Orleans, and put in the Post Office for Washington, but which have, nevertheless, never reached the latter city, and have found their way into circulation. It is now ascertained that these notes never reached the Post Office—and that if they were really cancelled, as is avowed under oath, some exceedingly ingenious process of erasure must have been discovered. The notes are, so far as they have been seen, as good as new! The villainy was in the New Orleans Custom House.

GEOLOGY.

The Association of American Geologists closed its session at Albany on Tuesday evening, to meet at Washington in May of next year. A number of highly interesting and valuable papers were read during the session, including one which is spoken of as peculiarly meritorious, by Professor Rogers, the President, on the subject of earthquakes, illustrated by a very large diagram. Previous to adjournment, Dr. Locke, of Cincinnati, was chosen the next President of the Association, and Dr. David Dale Owen, of Indiana, Secretary.

AMERICAN CALICOES.

The New York Tribune estimates the quantity of calicoes printed annually in this country at over three millions of yards per week. The same paper states that no less than 30,000 packages of various domestic cotton goods have been sold within a few days for export to China, and a considerable quantity have been shipped to England.

THE WHEAT CROP.

The papers from many sections speak in the same tone as the Ohio Statesman, which says: The wheat croakers are entirely used up. The last few weeks present quite a new feature, and now the word is that we never had a prospect of a finer crop in Ohio. A full crop of wheat this year will bring Ohio out.

A MISTAKE.

Two men were last week arrested in New Jersey, on suspicion of having been concerned in the late murders in New Jersey. The newspapers quite confidently pronounced them guilty, but sufficient proof did not appear upon examination to detain them.

FROM BERMUDAS.

The St. Christopher Gazette of March 9th states that the yellow fever has lately been making sad ravages among the troops, a detachment of the 47th regiment, which recently arrived at the island. Their commanding officer, Major Gordon, has fallen a victim to this fatal disease. The men have been removed from the garrison of Brimstone Hill to the plain below, and placed under tents.

SOMEWHAT OF A DIFFERENCE.

Pennsylvania State Stocks are now selling at 45 a 50 per cent. of their par value. In New York, bids for a State loan of $300,000, were opened at Albany on the 5th inst. The whole loan was taken by the Bank of New York, at an average of a fraction over six and a half per cent. premium for a six per cent. stock redeemable after 1860.

LECTURE BY MR. LEVIN.

We see it announced that on Thursday evening next, the 18th, Mr. Levin, well known as a temperance lecturer, is to deliver a lecture on *Love*, in Rev. Mr. Chambers' Church, in Broad street. How he will treat a subject so interesting, remains to be seen; but all his friends confidently expect something new and original.

VIRGINIA ELECTION.

We forbear to give any more returns from the Virginia Election, as Monday last was the day appointed when the official returns of the recent elections in Virginia were to be made. In a day or two, therefore, they will transpire.

VERY GOOD.

The following toast, given at a Firemen's Temperance Supper in Boston, is too good to be lost:

By Rev. Edwin Thompson, of Dedham: The Firemen, when they do their duty, every one is well pleased, except the fire—that is *put out*.

DEACON GILE'S DISTILLERY.

This famous place in Salem, Mass., out of which grew the libel suit against Mr. Cheever some twelve years ago, was used last week for the purpose of holding a temperance meeting.

RELIEF NOTES.

According to the requirements of a law passed at the last session of our State Legislature, the State Treasurer cancelled, on the 29th of April, $50,000 of relief notes.

Popular Lectures.

LECTURES OF EGYPT.

Mr. Gliddon's course of lectures on Ancient Egypt has drawn on each successive evening an attentive and intellectual auditory, in numbers increasing as the course proceeded. By aid of diagrams and copies of ancient tablets, inscriptions, and pictures, he makes the process of interpreting hieroglyphics intelligible; or rather we should say he gives a general idea of the mode which has been pursued, to obtain the great results which have followed the investigations of Champollion and his school. The idea obtained by the hearer is, of course, more or less definite according to his habits of thought, and of analysis. These diagrams, &c., with which the hall is liberally decorated, form in themselves no small or uninteresting gallery; and the wonder of the hearer is increased, when he is assured that the brilliant colors of these pictures, taken from monuments and tombs over thirty centuries old, are even more brilliant than the copies. These copies most of which are reduced, as the originals are usually much larger than life, were principally executed by our fellow citizen, Russell Smith, and must have required a great deal of skill and labor; for, be it remembered, there is not an arbitrary line, or a hap-hazard shade of coloring in them. All the features of the designs are *exact* imitations of the models. All the work was, of course, done under the direction of Mr. Gliddon; and not a few of the pictures exhibited in the hall are copies from Mr. Gliddon's copies made in Egypt. A part of Mr. Gliddon's illustrations consist of skeleton hieroglyphics, which he draws with chalk upon a black board, with as much rapidity and facility as a geometrician can draw problems in the same manner.

The second lecture, on Thursday evening last, commenced upon the 17th and 18th dynasties of Theban (Egyptian) Kings, and several other congenial subjects and events in the ancient history of the land of the Nile—illustrating the whole by the paintings, sculptures, and hieroglyphics from the tombs and other monuments of Old Egypt. Among these, a superb painting of Pharaoh in his chariot, attracted admiration. It is really gorgeous, and supposed to be the Pharaoh (Sesostris, Ramses III.,) who flourished at or about the time of the Israelites passing through the Red Sea. The painting discovered near Thebes, of a number of persons, apparently captives, making bricks, and under the direction of Egyptian overseers, was enlarged upon, in consequence of its having been supposed by many that these operatives were Hebrews; but Mr. G. showed the improbability of the Hebrews having been so employed in *Upper Egypt*; besides which, their countenances and absence of beard, seemed to prove that they were not of the Jewish nation. The fact was—it was believed to be a tomb of a private individual at Thebes, who was an architect, and who thus exhibited the arts of his profession on the walls of his sepulchral chamber. Indeed, the hieroglyphics stated that these bricks are made for a building at Thebes—a Temple." But if it were not probable that the children of Israel were brought 500 miles up the river, from Goshen to Thebes, to make bricks—it was probable, that they were scattered abroad, to collect stubble to make bricks, in the part of Egypt they inhabited; and the fact that captives and strangers were so employed, inferred also that the Jews likewise made bricks. The persons represented as brick making, probably belonged to Arabia.

In connexion with this subject, the Lecturer pointed to a painting exhibiting the heads of people of forty different nations, as found in the tombs. The heads of the bricklayers, corresponded with one of these, but that one is not the head usually supposed to represent the Hebrew. In a latter part of the lecture, it was shown that none of the hieroglyphics recorded the event of any Pharaoh having been drowned in the Red Sea. Indeed, it was not reasonable or necessary to suppose that Pharaoh himself died thus. His death was not essential to the defeat of his army—yet he and his host were defeated and overthrown—his host drowned in the Red Sea, (Exodus xiv. 18, &c.)—that is, Egypt was not lost, but only an army. If, however, these events were not related in the hieroglyphics—neither were they contradicted; and the authority for them was to be found in the only and best book that could be consulted—the Bible. Mr. G. observed that it should be borne in mind that in his lectures, he gave the history of Ancient Egypt—that if that history was silent in relation to the events he had referred to, also were the Hebrew annals silent as to most of the events that were peculiarly Egyptian—showing that for Egyptian history, the hieroglyphics, monuments and records of that ancient people should be studied—and for Hebrew history, the annals of the Jews—the Sacred Volume. It is to be remembered that the events commemorated on the Egyptian monuments, or tombs, are those of great national importance—and such, also, principally as refer to the doings of the native, not the Hyksos, or Shepherd Dynasty who were invaders.

In the last number of this paper, it will be recollected that we briefly stated that the history of Joseph, and of the descendants of himself and brethren, belongs to a part of the History of Egypt when there were two dynasties, the Hyksos, or foreign conquerors, and the Theban or native kings. Joseph lived in that part of Egypt held by the Hyksos, or Shepherds, who had a sympathy for the children of Abraham, as of a like stock with themselves. The Egyptians proper after about three hundred years, attacked, vanquished, and drove out the invaders—their people returned to their once loved homes—Obelisks were rebuilt—Thebes again stood forth in renowned splendor, and the valley of the Nile once more smiled on the children of Ham. These events were sufficiently commemorated on the monuments. Thus it was, that "a king arose who knew not Joseph." If the habits of the Jews as wandering Shepherds were agreeable to the Hyksos, they were *not* to the more refined Egyptians proper; and hence we find the Jews compelled to make bricks and *find their own straw*. The purpose of this requirement might have been, and probably was, to compel the Jews to agriculture in some sort to provide this material. Providence works through means and agents, and it does not interfere at all with the declared will of Heaven, that Pharaoh should persecute the children of Israel, if we find that Heaven also provided Pharaoh with a motive and incentive to that persecution. It was Pharaoh's wish that the children of Israel should by settling and becoming agricultural, assimilate to the Egyptians, and become blended with them. It was the decree of Providence that the two races should be kept distinct; and therefore the Israelites resisted all these efforts of Pharaoh, and preserved the nomade or wandering habits which they carried into the desert.

Thus, it appears that the general history of Egypt during the time of Joseph and his immediate direct and relative descendants, as shown by the hieroglyphs, proves and explains the Mosaic account; sometimes directly, and through the whole incidentally. It may interfere with our present Bible chronology; but as the different received interpretations vary over a thousand years, the discovery of these Egyptian proofs will be of immense advantage. And the absence of hieroglyphs pertinent directly to the children of Israel does not in the least militate against the Bible account. As before remarked, that the Egyptian monuments celebrate *Egyptian* not *Jewish* History; the Hyksos rather obliterated and destroyed records than made them; the true Egyptians might have done the same thing to the monuments of their invaders; and the Egyptians proper had nothing to commemorate relative to the children of Israel, except their own defeat in the pursuit of them. As this is an important point, we will elaborate it a little, rather following the general ideas of Mr. Gliddon, and drawing also from other sources, than reporting a particular lecture.

In the first place then, the only way in which the Hyksos, had they so chosen, would have commemorated the viziership, or premiership of Joseph would have been upon his tomb—but Joseph was not buried in Egypt. His body was embalmed for removal to the promised land. And if on the tomb of the usurper Pharaoh who "knew Joseph" could that tomb be found, there were originally placed any record of the events of Joseph's reign, they would have probably been obliterated by the true Pharaohs, as we know has been done in other instances. In the next place the Egyptians proper, in commemorating the expulsion of the Hyksos, *have no faces on the tablets and no characters which represent Jews.* This is an important fact, as it coincides with the Scripture that they were permitted to remain. The continuance of the Jews in Egypt was not a matter of consequence enough to Egypt, to be recorded in the Egyptian hieroglyphic annals. Had they been seized and brought back, when attempting (as they did not) to go out with the Hyksos, their capture would have figured on some king's tomb, or had they been seized and brought back at the time of their Exodus, that would have been recorded. As we know that no such event happened, and as the Egyptians would not have recorded their own defeat, the absence of all allusion to the Jews in the early part of their history; *confirms* the Mosaic account, instead of throwing a shade of doubt upon it.

In Mr. Gliddon's third lecture, while commenting on the restored *native* Egyptian dynasty, after the expulsion of the "Shepherd Kings," Mr. G. drew attention to a number of portraits of Queens and Kings—colored as brightly as if painted but a few hours. He then, on the best authorities, unriddled the Sphinx, which in its three forms, represented the union of mental or godlike power, with physical, the head of *man* (not of the *woman* as has been erroneously supposed,) representing the first, and the body of the lion, representing the latter attitude. He alluded to other such fanciful or mythic combinations, which we have not time to trace. In relation to the features of the Sphinx, Mr. G. contends that the features were not those of the negro, but of the Nilotic Egyptian; and that the present appearance of the face sufficiently accounted for, by the batterings of ages. The great Sphinx in the features was undoubtedly a portrait of the Pharaoh under whom it was constructed. This is shown by the collateral evidence, furnished in a fact frequently alluded to by Mr. G.—*viz.* that the faces of representations of the deity, in every reign, *take the form of the reigning monarch*. For one instance in a picture where Rameses is offering incense to Phar and Isis both gods have the same face with the king. And such is the case in every picture where gods and kings are introduced. This point the lecturer adduced as a proof that the idols of the Egyptians were worshipped but as representatives of abstractions. Much more was said on this point than we have space for.

The statues of Memnon, the principal of which was said to give out vocal sounds on being tinged with the first tints of the morning sunbeams, was shown to have been a juggle of the ancient Egyptian priests,—a hammer striking on a metalic table concealed in the lap of the statue. The statues were repaired by Septimius Severus, but these were "vocal sounds no more," owing, not to any radical change in the statue, but to the spread of Christianity, which silenced the impostures of Paganism. Lake Mœris, which has so much puzzled travellers and historians, as to whether it was natural or artificial, was probably formed by the Pharaoh Mœris, not by digging, but by building a vast dyke across a district where there was 120 feet fall from the Nile, thus draining and rendering the land forever fertile. The Menepths, copied from the tombs, with other paintings and hieroglyphics, were explained, and at the conclusion Mr. G. entered at some length into the symbols of the Egyptians as illustrating the Old Testament.

The passage particularly referred to, was that in Isaiah, commencing, "Wo to the land shadowing with wings." This has much puzzled commentators, but by the rational application of Hierology is readily explained. A favorite symbol of the Egyptians was the winged globe—specimens of which may be noticed on almost every building in the Egyptian style of architecture. The propriety of this application is evident at once, and as the river in the same connexion is not necessarily the Nile, but a little stream near the Isthmus of Suez, the whole passage is made to refer to Egypt.

In the fourth lecture, Mr. Gliddon made many interesting remarks in elucidation of the manners, history, &c. of Ancient Egypt. A leading point interesting from its connexion with Hebrew history, was an invasion of Palestine, recorded in the hieroglyphics but not mentioned in the table. But by the chronology of Rosellini, it is shown that there was abundant time for this during the forty years which elapsed after the Exodus, before the settlement of Israel in the promised land. And this corresponds also with the received fact, that while the Israelites were wandering in the desert, Providence was preparing the land of Canaan for them, by wasting the strength of the Canaanites by wars and contentions.

Another important—probably the most interesting point in this lecture, was the direct corroboration of Sacred history by three tablets. In the Bible we find the victories of Shishak recorded—his capture of Jeroboam, the taking of Megiddo, and other acts of the Egyptian king. Among the monumental records of the deeds of Shishak, Shishonk, or Sheshak, are three tablets, the palpable interpretation of which refers to the capture of Jeroboam, the taking of Megiddo, and one other event which has slipped our mind at this instant, which corresponds also with the Bible.

The friendship of the Hebrews and Egyptians after the former became settled, was dwelt upon at some length, but this is a subject sufficiently familiar. Every student knows that the friendship of Egypt cost the Jews the enmity of Assyria. Some interesting points in profane history were also introduced, but we have already occupied more space than we can well spare, and close by adverting to a few isolated but interesting facts.

In the museum at Paris, is a pure golden seal of one of the Theban dynasty, which weighs sixteen sovereigns; and the cipher of which is certainly identified as belonging to a monarch dead this three thousand years. In the same collection are golden beard cases, and false beards and wigs; for as the Egyptians shaved, there were some state occasions when a beard was necessary, and they were unprovided. Sometimes, it is natural to suppose, the empty case was made to represent the beard. We find portraits of the Egyptian kings with beards and without, and with hair and without.

Another important fact is that the colors of the faces of the Pharaohs, and of their limbs, in portraits had no reference to their actual hue, which was that of the Southern European, swarthy. We find the same king painted in bright red or scarlet, in chocolate, in blue, and even in other colors, in different portraits. The bright red represented strength and sovereignty, the blue signified truth and eternity—and the other colors had also their symbolical significations. A curious circumstance also is noticeable in the Egyptian representations of winged figures. The Greeks were the first to sacrifice all regard to anatomy to taste, in making the wings to grow between the shoulders—the Egyptians attached them to the arms.

The last lecture was upon the races known to the Egyptians. Beside this subject, there were many others of interest, and better adapted than this to report, but we are compelled to forego further details, while we feel conscious that this skeleton does small justice to the lecturer. As he predicts, Egyptian libraries will undoubtedly be founded in this country, or Egyptian departments in existing libraries. To the curious and liberal, we recommend the valuable and elegant work, prepared as the result of the expedition of savans who accompanied Napoleon into Egypt. A copy may be seen at the store of Mr. G. S. Appleton, in Chesnut street, and any public library, unprovided with a work so scarce and valuable, should make haste to supply itself. Every year adds to its value, as every year will increase the interest taken in the subject.

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LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion—

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ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorised to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies may also be had at his store in Nashville.*

Notices of New Works.

PAROCHIAL SERMONS. *By John Henry Newman, B. D., Fellow of Oriel College, and Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—This first American Edition of Newman's Parochial Sermons is in two large octavo volumes, embracing the contents of the six volumes of the London edition. It is printed on clear and legible type, and beautiful paper, and in form and general appearance corresponds with Burnet's Reformation, Pearson on the Creed, and other standard theological works published by the same house. Of the mechanical execution of the work we feel fully competent to speak. Upon its theological character we shall first quote the opinions of some recognised judges. Bishop Whittingham of Maryland, says:—"The portions of their contents about which there is a difference of opinion, are not to be set in the scale against the general tendency of the volumes.—Deeply spiritual, and searching the reader's heart with no ordinary insight into its recesses, they cannot fail to quicken faith, alarm lukewarmness, expose hypocrisy, detect unbelief, and powerfully stimulate the sinner to repentance, and the believer to renewal and increase of holiness. Nowhere have I seen Christ crucified, yea, rather risen again, set forth with more plainness. By no practical writings have I been more strongly moved to loathing of sin, and utter renunciation of self-dependence. Man's helplessness, and the all sufficiency of Christ, are nowhere to be found set forth with greater earnestness of enforcement and variety of illustration."

The Bishops of New York, of New Jersey, and of North Carolina also recommend these Sermons in the highest terms, and from the latter, as pertinent to our purpose, we extract a sentence. "While they are free from those extravagances of opinion usually ascribed to the author of the 90th Tract, they assert in the strongest manner the true doctrines of the Reformation in England, and enforce with peculiar solemnity and effect that holiness of life, with the means thereto, so characteristic of the Fathers of that trying age." We need tell no person at all conversant with the "Oxford Controversy," to what school the writer of these sermons belongs. To whatever school, however, the reader of the sermons may profess adherence, we do not conceive it possible that, possessing any appreciation of the importance of the subject, any sympathy with the piety of the author, or even any mere literary taste for eloquent, simple and earnest English, he can read the sermons without endorsing the opinion of Bishop Whittingham. It is not for laymen, in their public capacity as editors of a secular paper, to moot points of theological controversy, nor have we the ability or inclination so to do. But could we read a homily to the controversialists, we would point them as to one instance of the evil tendency of disputes on lesser points, to this very publication. These sermons must eventually be received and quoted as among the standard theological writings of this century; and that too within the time of this generation. But the author, meanwhile, is so a controversialist considered the organ of a party in the church—an objection very slightly if at all sustained by the sermons themselves—how slightly the reader may judge for himself by a perusal which will amply reward him. So far as our own examination has gone, we are free to say that we have never before met a collection of sermons containing so much, in which not only all shades of belief in the Episcopal Church, but true Christians of all denominations may unite.

THE BIBLICAL CABINET. *Philadelphia: J. M. Campbell & Co. No. 1. Neander.*—The Biblical Cabinet is a periodical which has been before noticed and advertised in this paper. It is to contain valuable and costly treatises on theological subjects, and will differ from the Library of Religious Literature in being confined to works of a more strictly theological character. The first work commenced "Neander's History of the Christian Religion," which will be completed in five numbers. This selection is, so far as this work is concerned, a fulfilment of the promise and plan of the periodical. Neander has never been re-published in this country. The translation is that of Rose.

SIR EDWARD SEAWARD'S NARRATIVE OF HIS SHIPWRECK, &c. *Edited by Miss Jane Porter. Abridged and Revised. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves.*—If there be any of our readers who never heard of or read this book, we commend him at once to ask his mother about it. It had a run before this generation of readers came forward, and was admired and read by every body then. It will be read by every body now; and whoever occupies our place at the editorial table of the Saturday Post at the end of a "book's age" interval, will notice it again, in a new edition.

THE SCHOOL GIRL IN FRANCE. *Philadelphia: Herman Hooker.*—This is a well written little book, the object of which is to show that children should not be sent for education into a country, the dominant religion of which parents do not wish them to imbibe; a leading argument being that whether an attempt to proselyte is made or not, surrounding influences will have that tendency.

THE BROTHER JONATHAN appeared last week under the editorial charge of John Neal, G. M. Snow, and Edward Stephens. Of Mr. Neal's standing it is unnecessary to say a word. The other two gentlemen are men of experience in the vocation they appear in. "Jonathan Slick" is to be a regular correspondent, and the paper under all these advantages presents a capital front.

MRS. ELLIS'S WORKS. *Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—The Women of England, the Daughters of England, and the Wives of England, have been published by the Appletons, each volume in two cheap forms. Another edition in better binding, may be had at the same place, uniform with the first editions of these charming works, and also at a reduced price.

THE YOUNG HUSBAND'S BOOK. *Philadelphia: J. R. Colon.*—This is a new and cheap edition of a work by the author of the Young Wife's Book, recently noticed by us. As husbands and wives go in couples, so ought these to go—and if any "Young Wife" has been presented with the appropriate volume for her sex, here is a chance to return the compliment.

THE DAUGHTERS OF ENGLAND. *By Mrs. Ellis. Philadelphia: W. H. Graham.*—The publication of the Wives of England has created a new demand for the works of this gifted writer; and Mr. Graham has just received a new supply of the work at the head of this paragraph, uniform with the Wives of England. We like to see such works "have a run."

THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER. *Zieber & Co.—W. H. Graham.*—This is another Boston translation of a work by Frederika Bremer. It has the same touching simplicity and naturalness which characterises the "Neighbors" and the "H—— Family," by the same author.

FARMERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA. *Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*—No. 6 of this valuable publication has a plate containing a representation of Canary Corn, two varieties of Rice Plant, the Indigo Plant, the Sugar Cane, and five descriptions of the Tobacco Plant. It is a most excellent work, and should be subscribed for by every farmer in our land.

FAMILY SECRETS. *A Series of Temperance Tales. By Mrs. Ellis, Author of the Wives of England. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—This is a new, cheap and very neat edition of a work published by this house some time ago.

General News.

☞ The London Roman Catholic Emigration Society are about completing their arrangements for extensive emigration to this country. A clergyman is to attend each of the emigrating parties, who are to be settled in a body in some section of the country—we presume the west. The project is said to meet with the approval of the leading Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland. Mr. Charles Mathew, brother of the Temperance reformer, is to act as agent for selecting localities, &c.

LAKE ERIE STEAMERS.—The New York Tribune says there are about sixty steamers in commission on Lake Erie, with the aggregate tonnage of 17,000 tons. The first steamer was launched twenty-five years ago—the Walk in the Water. Since then about 110 boats have been on the Lake, with an aggregate tonnage of 27,000 tons. During this time there have been four explosions, with the loss of 30 lives, and four boats burnt with the loss of 310 lives.

THE SAILORS of New York, last week struck for two dollars additional wages per month. The shipmasters, it seems, have acceded to the justice of the demand, and granted the required increase. The merchantmen are now paying $13 a month for crews to South America, and $15 for Atlantic service. Seamen in the U. S. service, who do not draw their grog rations, now receive $16 60 per month—grog drinkers, $15.

THE GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND has refused, for the present, to comply with the requisition of the Governor of Ohio for Adam Horn. He will first undergo a trial in Maryland for the murder of his wife, Malinda Horn, and in case of a failure to convict him there of the crime laid to his charge, he will be delivered up to the authorities of Ohio, for a trial there on a charge of having murdered his first wife.

OUTRAGEOUS CONDUCT.—We learn, by the Carlisle papers, that a number of students at Dickinson College amused themselves on Monday week by hissing and shouting at the Volunteer Companies then on parade. One of the soldiers put a stop to their fun by firing a ball cartridge amongst them, which luckily did not hit any of them. The affair is to be investigated.

☞ The Philadelphia and Reading Rail Road Company has under contract the laying of a second track between Reading and Pottstown, and will urge the completion of the work with due diligence. This road is one of the best in the Union, and as the trade upon it must necessarily be immense, its stockholders cannot fail ultimately to realise a rich profit on their investments.

A WHOLE RAFT.—As a specimen of the manner in which folks move in the West, the Pittsburg Chronicle of the 6th inst., gives the following:—"A raft passed down the Allegheny river yesterday, very thickly populated. We counted thirteen women, eight men, sixteen children, five horses, three dogs, and four frame shanties." A perfect *raft*, and no mistake.

NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY.—Among the passengers in the steamer Hibernia, at Boston, from Liverpool, are Captains Broughton and Robinson, and Lieut. Ripon, of the British army, who, in connexion with a deputation of American engineers are to lay down and mark the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick, according to the recent treaty.

CONVICTION OF A MAIL ROBBER.—John S. Cone, charged with stealing bank notes out of a letter while carrying the mail, about six years ago, and who broke jail some time since, was tried at Charleston on Tuesday week, in the District Court of the United States, his Honor Judge Gilchrist, presiding, found guilty and sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

SENECA LAKE, in New York, is about one hundred and eighty miles from the western border of the State. The region between it and the border is about equal to the whole State of Massachusetts. The man who sowed the first wheat in that territory is still living. Fifty years ago its population was one thousand; it is now six hundred and fifty thousand.

☞ The Governor of Maryland has refused to surrender Horn, arrested in this city some time since for the murder of his wife, to the authorities of Ohio, by whom he was demanded to answer for a like offence committed in that State. The Governor says he must first be tried in Maryland, and if not convicted there, will be handed over to Ohio.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS OF CONNECTICUT.—The receipts into the Treasury during the year ending the 31st of March last (including the sum of $10,845 43 received from the Treasury of the United States,) amounted to $101,046,49. The expenditures during the same period have been $77,941,19—leaving a balance in the Treasury of $23,105 31.

THE LAKE TRADE.—The number of arrivals and departures from Cleveland during the year 1842, were 2462, of which 1650 were steamboats. The amount of tonnage was 18,671, and value of the exports $5,851,893, of which $1,016,976 went to Canada. The losses on the lakes for the same period were $125,000, and 69 lives.

A SMALL ESTATE.—The property left by Baron Stieglitz, the banker, who lately died at St. Petersburg, is estimated at the enormous sum of fifty millions of roubles, between five and six millions sterling. He was a native of Hanover, where his elder brother, one of the most celebrated physicians in Germany, died a few years ago.

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENTS.—The Cincinnati Sun states that not less than a quarter of a million of dollars worth of property has been lost on our Western waters within two months. Fourteen boats were lost, mostly by being snagged, the cost of which was $165 000, the cargoes worth $85 000—making a total loss of $250,000.

FIRE FROM A LOCOMOTIVE.—A destructive fire broke out on Monday morning last in the town of Islet, on Nicholas Patent, L. I., which destroyed wood to the value of $40,000 to $50,000, burning over a space full seven miles square. There were from 1500 to 2000 cords of wood, ready for market, burnt.

MILLERISM.—The Boston Bulletin, says the Miller mania in that city is completely at an end. The Miller Tabernacles was open day and evening last week, and there was no crowd around the doors, and inside were about a dozen persons gazing at the uncouth characters against the walls.

HAIL STORM.—We are informed, that on Sunday last, *hail* fell in the vicinity of the village of Hatborough, in Montgomery county, in this State, in such quantities, as to cover the ground for a time. This will do very well as a novelty, but such visits at this time are very unwelcome.

DIVORCES IN OHIO, according to the Cincinnati Chronicle, may be had for asking. It states that the Legislature last winter divorced a man from his wife, knowing that the sole reason was his desire to marry another woman, which he did immediately.

HANGING SCIENTIFICALLY.—A man named Benjamin D. White was recently hanged at Batavia, N. Y. The Times, of that place, in noticing the execution, says the Sheriff performed the duty in a "*manner that met the approbation of all present.*"

CAIRO SUBMERGED.—The St. Louis New Era of the 25th says:—"The steamboat Champlain, reports that the city of Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio, is entirely submerged; nothing was seen of it on her passage up."

☞ The family of a Mr. Stone, in the Western part of New York, was poisoned a few days since, from eating the Muskquash root, in mistake for some other. His wife died, but the children recovered.

MILITARY ENCAMPMENT.—The encampment to be held at Frederick, Md., on the 6th of June next, has been named "Camp Frederick." Col. James M. Coale has been appointed commander-in-chief.

☞ We learn that the Superintendent of the Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, commenced letting in the water on Saturday. Navigation commenced on Tuesday.

WESTWARD HO!—Two steamers recently arrived at St. Louis, one from Cincinnati and the other from Pittsburg, having on board more than 800 passengers, on their way to Iowa.

☞ The price of a passage from New York to New Orleans, around the coast, is $70. Through Pittsburg, the price is $30.

☞ Subscription books to the Stock of the Pittsburg and Connellsville Rail Road, are to be opened at Pittsburg, and other places, on the first Monday in June next.

☞ The Louisville Journal states that John Hutt, the treasurer of Arkansas, has proved a defaulter to the amount of about $4400.

☞ Auley M'Calla, Esq., has been chosen cashier of the State Bank at Camden, N. J., vice R. W. Ogden, deceased.

☞ The imports of specie into New Orleans, from the 1st of September to the 1st of May, amount to $8,975,876.

☞ The Delaware Peach Orchards are said to be in fine condition, and give promise of an abundant crop.

Political Intelligence.

MISSION TO CHINA.—The Boston Atlas says:—"We are authorised to state, from the most unquestionable authority, that the Hon. Edward Everett, the Minister of the United States at the Court of London, does not accept the appointment of Minister to China, which was fully conferred upon him, by the nomination of the President of the United States, confirmed by the Senate."

CONNECTICUT.—The Legislature of Connecticut convened at Hartford on Wednesday week. On Thursday morning the two Houses met in Convention, and elected Chauncey F. Cleveland, to the office of Governor; Wm. S. Holabird, Lt. Governor; Jabez L. White, Jr., Treasurer, Noah A. Phelps, Secretary, and Gideon Welles, Comptroller. All Democrats.

PRESIDENTIAL MOVEMENT.—The Tamany Hall general committee have declared their preference for Martin Van Buren as the next President. They also have recognised Free Trade as constituting one of the cardinal principles of Democracy, and believe that a tariff for protection conflicts with the interests and rights of the people.

THE APPROPRIATION BILL.—This bill, providing for the annual expenditures of the State government, has not yet, the Harrisburg Reporter says, been signed by the Governor. In the meantime, none of the laborers on the public works can be paid, or at least are not.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—A Democratic State Convention is to be held at Concord, on Tuesday the 8th day of June next, to nominate a Democratic candidate for Governor, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the Convention.

RESIGNED HIS POST.—Charles L. Schlatter, Chief Engineer on the Public Works of Pennsylvania, has resigned that post. He intends leaving Harrisburg for Chicago, having received an appointment from the War Department at that military station.

☞ It is reported that Mr. Merrick, the only United States Senator from Maryland, is about to resign.

Notices of the Dead.

DEATH OF THE HON. H. BAYLIES.—The Hon. Hodijah Baylies died at Dighton, Bristol county, on the 26th ultimo, at the age of 87. He was educated at Harvard College, and afterwards entered the revolutionary army, where he served with honor. After the surrender of Cornwallis, he attained the military rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He was for some time attached to General Washington's staff as one of his aids-de-camp. He has held various civil offices, and until a few years before his death, was Judge of Probate for the county of Bristol. In private life he was much esteemed. His death leaves Col. John Trumbull the sole surviving field officer of the revolution.

☞ Dr. Birlard, known by his experiments on plague in the east, has just died at Dresden. The deceased has been known to pass nights and days with plague patients, even when the natives dare not approach them.

☞ Francis M'Clure, Esq. one of the oldest and most respected citizens, died at his residence, in Mifflin township, Pa., on Sunday evening last, at the advanced age of *one hundred and four years.*

☞ Capt. P. W. Snow, late American Consul at Canton, who returned to this country about a fortnight since, in the ship Valparaiso, died on the 7th instant, at Providence, R. I.

Army & Navy.

☞ Commodore Alexander Dallas, appointed to the command of the Pacific Squadron, will proceed for Chagres in the U. S. sloop of war Vandalia, Commander McCluney, which vessel will sail in a few days. The following gentlemen will also go out passengers in the Vandalia:—Mr. Geo. Brown, U. S. Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands; Mr. Seth Sweetzer, late U. S. Consul at Guayaquil; Passed Midshipman Alex. Murray, attached to the Pacific Squadron; Mr. Thomas Miller, Commodore Dallas' Secretary, and Mr. Morst Wills, clerk.

☞ Several companies of the Third Regiment U. S. Infantry—numbering in all six hundred and thirty-five men—arrived at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, on the 21st ult. from Florida via New Orleans.

☞ The frigate United States, arrived at Oahu, Sandwich Islands, on the 4th of December, and sailed on the 7th. Only nine were on the sick list, out of a ship's company of 500.

☞ Gen. Gaines' Head Quarters, will, hereafter, be at St. Louis, Missouri, he having been assigned to the command of the Third Military Department of the U. S. Army.

Religious Intelligence.

REPORTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST.

PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 14.

PRESBYTERIAN—NEW SCHOOL.—First Church, Washington Square; Western Church, corner of Filbert and Schuylkill Sixth streets. Eleventh Church, Vine above Twelfth street. First Church, Northern Liberties, Buttonwood street below Sixth. First Church, Southwark, German street below Third. First Church, Fairmount. Hamiltonville Church.

PRESBYTERIAN—OLD SCHOOL.—Seventh Church, Penn Square; Fourth Church, Twelfth and Lombard street.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Grace Church, 12th and Cherry street; Saint Luke's Church, 13th below Spruce street; St. Timothy's Church, Spring Garden street below Twelfth. Saint John's Church, corner of Brown and Saint John. Advent Church, (in Temperance Hall) Third street below Green. Emanuel Church, Marlborough street near Prince, Kensington. Trinity Church, Catharine street above Second. Church of the Evangelists, Fifth street above Catharine. Church of the Messiah, Fifth street below Carpenter. Saint Matthew's Church, Francisville. Saint Mary's Church, Hamiltonville.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—Saint Augustine's Church, Fourth street, opposite New street.

GERMAN REFORMED.—German Reformed Church, Race street below Fourth.

DUTCH REFORMED.—First Church, Crown street near Race.

LUTHERAN.—Saint Matthew's Church, New street below Fourth.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—All open on Sunday Evening.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.—All open on Sunday Evening.

BAPTIST.—All open but the First Church.

UNITARIAN.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust streets.

UNIVERSALIST.—All open on Sunday Evening.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.—Disciples' Meeting House, corner of Fifth and Gaskill streets. Congregation of Disciples, (Vigilant Hall) Race street below Second.

CHRISTIAN.—Christian Chapel, Christian street below Sixth.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—New Jerusalem Chapel, 4th street below German.

MORMON.—Meeting House, Julianna street above Wood.

MARINERS.—Mariners' Church, Water street below Walnut. Bethel, corner of Shippen and Swanson streets.

AFRICAN.—First Presbyterian Church, Seventh street below Fitzwater. Methodist Bethel, Sixth street above Lombard. Wesley Chapel, Lombard street below Sixth. Union Methodist Church, Coates street below Old York Road. Zoar Methodist Church, Brown street near Fourth. Union Baptist Church, Little Pine street near Seventh.

☞ The New Jersey Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church adjourned on Tuesday week, after a very pleasant session of one week. The next meeting of that body is to be at Trenton on the 17th of May. The increase of church members, within the bounds of the Conference, during the last year, was 8446.

NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The ceremony of blessing the corner stone of the new Catholic Church, St. Paul's, about to be erected in Moyamensing, took place on the afternoon of Sunday last. Bishop Kenrick officiated, assisted by several of the clergy. The Bishop delivered an address appropriate to the occasion, and notwithstanding that the rain descended for a time in torrents, the audience was large, and a collection was taken up, which amounted to $460.

CHURCHES.—There are twenty churches in the city of Washington. Of these, the Presbyterians have 4; Catholics 3; Episcopalians 3; Methodists 3; Methodist Protestants 1; Baptists 2; German Lutherans 1; Unitarians 1; Friends 1. The "Capitol," a paper published in that city, says:—"Great work is going on in the different churches here, and we daily hear of hundreds of converts to the various sects."

☞ A call has been given by "The Dutch Church, on Washington Square," New York, to the Rev. Mancius S. Hutton, D. D., and been accepted by him; and he was installed as the pastor of that church, on Sunday last.

A DONATION.—A London paper states that a friend of the Church Missionary Society has just made a munificent donation to that institution of £6000 Consols, to enable it to commence a mission to China.

☞ The proprietors of the Tremont Theatre in Boston, have resolved to sell it to the Baptist Society of Christians, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Cohen, for the sum of $50,000.

☞ The congregation of St. Paul's Church, in Boston, have contributed, during the last year, the liberal sum of $7,233,61 for missionary and charitable purposes.

☞ The corner stone of a new Protestant Episcopal Church was laid at Ellicott's Mills, near Baltimore on Tuesday of last week.

☞ A new German Methodist Episcopal Church, in Second street, near Avenue C., New York, was dedicated on Thursday week.

☞ Bishop Onderdonk, of New York, confirmed 95 persons at St. Paul's Church, Albany, on Sunday evening last.

☞ Friday last was observed as Thanksgiving Day throughout the State of Georgia.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

TEN DAYS LATER.

Since our last, by the arrival of the new steam packet Hibernia, at Boston, we have been put in possession of the English dates. Liverpool to the evening of the 19th and London to the 16th. The Hibernia brought out upward of a million and a half of dollars in gold, and a full freight. She had 107 passengers to Halifax, landed 24, and took in 14, making 97 for Boston.

Right of Visit.

Both Houses adjourned on the 11th of April, for the Easter holydays, the House of Commons to the 24th, and the House of Lords to the 25th. As interesting to this country, we quote the following conversation in both Houses as to the *Right of Search.* The correspondence relative to the subject had been moved for:

The Earl of Aberdeen said he had no objection to produce the papers; but as to the difference between the two governments it was more apparent than real—it would not lead to any serious difficulty.

Lord Brougham would pledge himself to prove that there was no difference worth a rush.

Lord Ashburton said that the peculiar position in which he was placed should be his excuse to the House for now saying a few words respecting the facts of the subject, because, from the nature of the debate which was to come on next Friday, he should be precluded from addressing their lordships. As regarded the right of visit, or search, on the coast of Africa, he was persuaded when their lordships come to examine the papers which he held in his hand, and which would be presented to the House, they would find that in point of fact no difference existed between her Majesty's Government and the United States. [hear, hear.] From the time of his arrival to the time of his departure from America he heard nothing but satisfaction, and he felt he was not saying too much [as we understood] when he said there was no difference of opinion upon the subject alluded to. At one time he was apprehensive that it was an angry question [before he set out,] and that there might be some difficulty in settling it, but this apprehension existed no longer when he arrived in the United States.

The motion for the papers was then agreed to.

In the House of Commons Lord John Russell asked also for the correspondence.

Sir Robert Peel also promised to produce the papers, and said:

I propose to lay on the table of the House the despatch of Lord Aberdeen to Mr. Everett, which never has been officially communicated to the House—a despatch written in December, 1841, which contained the principles maintained by her Majesty's Government on this subject. From those principles, I will now repeat, her Majesty's Government never have departed. They gave no instructions to Lord Ashburton, sanctioning him to depart from, or to modify the principles contained in the despatch of Lord Aberdeen, in December, 1841, to Mr. Everett. Consequently there were no instructions given to Lord Ashburton. We considered the despatch of December 1841, written by Lord Aberdeen, to convey the views of the British Government, and the principles on which they acted. Lord Ashburton had no authority to treat on the subject of the right of visitation. We considered that finally settled, and that those were the principles we entertained.

The vote of thanks to Lord Ashburton was carried in the Lords, April 7. Previously to its passage, Lord Aberdeen made a long speech in defence of the treaty, from which we make still another extract in relation to the Right of Search, or Visitation: He said:

It was asserted that a retrograde movement was made by the eighth article, with regard to the slave trade. He thought, on the contrary, that America had made an advance toward the extinction of that traffic in that article. It was said that the President of the United States took a different view of the clause from her Majesty's Government; but after the able observations of the noble and learned lord, he did not think it necessary to dwell on that topic. There was no right of search save what was conceded by treaty; but a vessel could be visited when suspicion existed to its nationality, and this appeared to him the view taken by the President in his message.

He must confess that the United States had reason to complain of some pretensions on our side put forth, and the manner in which they were carried out. So lately as the month of February, 1841, the noble lord lately at the head of the foreign office gave instructions that her Majesty's cruisers should abstain from capturing American vessels—because before that time it had been the practice of our cruizers to capture them, and the commissioners at Sierra Leone had, on many occasions, found themselves placed in great difficulty in consequence, and had often refused to adjudicate. The people of the United States, therefore, were warranted in supposing that we claimed the right to capture American vessels. He had no doubt that the conjoint efforts of our officers and those of the United States would put an end to all difficulties. He had no doubt that they would co-operate on the coast of Africa, as they had always done in all services in which they had hitherto been engaged, with perfect cordiality and good will.

Miscellaneous.

The Solway, Mail Steamer, belonging to the Royal Mail Packet Company was totally lost off Corunna, on the night of the 7th April, by striking on a shoal. She sunk within twenty minutes after striking; and out of her company seventeen persons were lost, including the captain, who labored to the last to save the rest. Of her passengers twelve adults and four children perished. At the Stormont Main Colliery, about two miles from Newcastle upon Tyne, twenty-seven persons were recently killed by the ignition of fire damp. There were fifty at work in the mine. There was no explosion—the damage done to the pit was nothing, nor were the bodies of the sufferers disfigured.

Mr. Wordsworth has been appointed poet laureate.

Mrs. Wood, the vocalist, has returned to her husband.

The "interesting event" in the royal household was daily expected.

Money continued abundant, and trade continued steadily to improve. The last portion of the Chinese indemnity had been received. The bullion in the Bank of England was about eleven millions—four millions more than last year at the same date.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, April 13.—The demand has been good throughout the week, and as more firmness has been shown by the holders, the quotations of last week have been fully maintained in all descriptions. Speculators have taken 9000 bales American, and exporters 850 bales American, 100 Pernambuco, and 250 Surat. The imports this week are 52,238 bales, and the sales for the five days amount to 29,680 bales, of which 210 Sea Island at 8½ a 9½d; 70 stained do. 7 a 8d; 7160 Upland 3¾ a 5½d; 4830 Mobile, Alabama, &c. 3¾ a 4½d; 13,200 New Orleans, 3¾ a 7½d; and 2150 Surat at 2¾ a 3½d.

There is nothing new from the Continent, except a rumor of the resignation of the Spanish Ministry.

The flying machine of Mr. Henson is "all but" ready. It will be likely to hang at that for some time.

Local Intelligence.

COLLECTORS OF CITY TAXES.—The following persons were appointed collectors of city taxes by the City Council on Tuesday evening:

Upper Delaware Ward, Joshua Hensey; Lower, R. P. James; High, Wm. F. Slaughter; Chesnut, John H. Curtis; Walnut, Wm. S. Poulson; Dock, B. B. Moore; Pine and New Market, Thos. H. Allen; Cedar, Wm. Alexander; Locust, Robert Bereford; South, George Fisher; Middle, I. Heberton; North, S. Humphreys; South Mulberry, William Lockwood; North do., John Yard, Jr.

SAD SPECTACLE.—A melancholy instance of human depravity, was exhibited in the Court of Quarter Sessions, on Thursday week. Sitting side by side in the dock, were a father and son, both charged with heavy offences, and both awaiting their trial. They were convicted in the course of Wednesday, the father of forgery, and the son of shoplifting, and are now expiating their crimes in the County Prison. The Court sentenced each of them to three years solitary confinement and hard labor.

☞ The following resolution has passed the Grand Jury:

Resolved, That the Foreman be directed to request through the newspapers from the citizens generally, information in relation to the conduct and character of the Fire Companies, whom they may deem obnoxious to the charge of disorderly and immoral conduct, accompanied with such suggestions, as in their opinion, may tend to remedy the increasing evils attending the system now in operation by the Fire Department.

ASSAULT AND BATTERY.—An individual whose name is B. Logange, was brought before Alderman Boileau, under the following circumstances: Mr. D. Cluder stated, that he was coming out of church on Sunday last, when the defendant came up to him, and without any provocation, spit in his face. Ingange was committed to the county prison to take his trial for assault and battery.

MONUMENT CEMETERY.—The following named gentlemen have been elected Managers of Monument Cemetery.—George W. Tryon, P. A. Keyser, George H. Burgin, W. H. Love, John H. Dohnert, George W. Womrath, John D. Ninesteel, Robert Lindsey, William G. Mentz, Andrew Butler, John Sartain, Nathan R. Potts, William Vodges, John M. Coleman and Enoch Taylor.

SENTENCE OF THE BURGLARS.—On Friday morning, in the Court of Quarter Sessions, the burglars Williams, Leggett and Blake, were sentenced to the Eastern Penitentiary, Williams for 12 years, and Leggett and Blake each for 15 years. Williams was much affected on account of his wife and children.

LOOK OUT.—The Grand Jury on Monday found ten true bills against oyster cellar and tavern keepers for selling liquor without license. Some of them, it is alleged, forget to apply to the court in due time. Some of them keep houses which have not been licensed for a number of years past.

THE WEAVERS.—Another strike has taken place among the weavers in Manayunk. It seems they are not satisfied with their present prices for what they call 7th, 8th, and 9th, but want an increase of from one-fourth of a cent to one-half per yard for weaving this species of goods.

DOGS.—The laws against the liberty of the canine race were in full force on Tuesday, and some thirty-five or six of the animals were captured in the course of the day. The owners of valuable animals had better provide them with muzzles at once.

NEW BUILDINGS.—The number of permits for new buildings, or additions, taken out in the Northern Liberties since January first, is 45; in Spring Garden, 30.

☞ The largest article of local news this week is the attempt to assassinate the Mayor, of which full particulars will be found in another place.

☞ There were 1448 persons in the Blockley Almshouse on Monday. Same day last year, 1347.

YANKEE ENTERPRIZE.

An American, writing from Paris, communicates the following and amusing instance of Yankee enterprize:

"There was a little steamer called the Bangor, advertised last summer to sail from Boston for the Azores, Gibraltar, Malta, and Constantinople. She was a little thing, built strong, with a powerful engine, to run between Boston and Bangor.

"This bold push for Europe amazed the people very much, particularly as they advertised for passengers. She sailed, and the first that was heard of her, she put into Halifax; which possibly may be accounted for by the fact that coal is cheaper there than in Boston.

"Next we hear of her she is in Gibraltar, towing vessels detained in the Gut. Then at Constantinople, towing vessels through the Dardanelles; and lastly, carrying passengers and pilgrims from Constantinople to Trebizonde, on the Asiatic side of the Black Sea. And I read in a French paper the other day, that on one trip she had 500 passengers—Pilgrims, Turks, Jews and Infidels!"

A CARD—EDUCATION.

A gentleman whose education has been ripened by observation, during five years' travel in Europe, the West Indies, United States, &c., purposes educating a number of pupils—six or ten—who may be entrusted to his charge. He has been well instructed in Polite Literature, the Mathematical Sciences (practically as well as theoretically) and the Dead Languages. His system exhibits nothing new or miraculous, and he believes that erudition is the offspring of systematic industry. One feature, however, he would call attention to, viz: Those truths, historical and statistical, which he—thrown early upon the world—has found to be of most utility to the man of business, the gentleman, or the scholar, will be graven on the minds of his pupils. A knowledge of the world as it is and has been for the past century, will be aimed at, rather than an idle, and unprofitable acquaintance with early ages, attainable through the medium of very questionable history. But an interview with the advertiser which can cost nothing will enable any parent to ascertain the probable chance of his son's receiving an education. He wishes to receive no pupils save those who desire to learn, and who can be satisfied of the honesty of his intentions to teach them. To them he will impart the education he has himself received, which, he believes, will be acknowledged as sufficient, at least, to begin life with. The pupils must spend five or six hours each day receiving his instructions on terms of equality and companionship.

$100 *per annum for a single pupil. Address "P. S." Office of Graham's Magazine. Refer to L. A. Godey, Esq., G. R. Graham, Esq., E. A. Poe, Esq., H. Hastings Weld, Esq., F. Holden, Esq., Rev. R. W. Griswold, and J. S. Du Solle, Esq.*

SPRING.—As the Spring of the year is the time that diseases of the body develop themselves, great pains should be taken to escape the pernicious effects arising from the blood being in a corrupt and diseased state. Active medicines should be taken at this season to drive corruption in every shape from the body, and then and not till then, can health be looked for. To effect this desirable object, no article is so fit as the justly famous Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. No medicine yet discovered so completely eradicates from the system all injurious particles that have a tendency to prevent the healthful operations of the machinery of life. They cleanse the stomach, liver and other organs, and thus speedily restore the suffering patient to health and happiness.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are respectfully informed that medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, made by one V. O. Falck, and sold by W. & J. H. Keim, North Fifth street, Reading, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The only security against imposition is to purchase from none except authorised agents; and in all cases be particular to ask for the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, and No. 169 RACE ST. PHILADELPHIA.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.—This medicine stands unrivalled, (based as it is on its own intrinsic merits) for the removal and radical cure of those diseases to which it is peculiarly adapted. Being entirely vegetable, and composed of the choicest selection of ingredients, which act in consonance with the laws that govern the animal economy, the system is enabled to throw off disease, take on a healthy action and the powers of nature resume their natural functions.

The proprietors are daily receiving from the medical profession, ministers of the Gospel, officers of Justice, and numerous private citizens, ample and willing testimony, both written and verbal, to the superior value and efficacy of this preparation. To the poor it is furnished gratuitously on sufficient proof being given of their worthiness.

Prepared and sold by A. B. Sands & Co., Druggists and Chemists, No. 273 Broadway, N. Y. Sold in Philadelphia by S. P. Thompson, corner 5th and Spruce sts; by Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South 3d st., F. Klett & Co., corner Second and Callowhill sts., and Frederick Brown, N. E. corner of Fifth and Chesnut sts. Price, $1 per bottle; 6 bottles for $5.

THE COVERING WHICH NATURE HAS BESTOWED ON THE HEAD of man, is one of the principal elements of human beauty. What can be less pleasant to look upon than a bald head? Even in the time of the Prophet Elisha "thou bald head" was considered the superlative of insult and reproach; and in modern days, the defect is usually concealed with jealous care. But how much better to remedy than to conceal it! A few bottles of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC will, in almost all cases, render a wig unnecessary, by decorating the bare scalp with a new growth of hair. If the hair is falling off, no matter from what cause, a few applications of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC will arrest the dilapidating process. These facts do not rest upon our "say so," but upon testimonials of unquestionable respectability.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, 20 south Third street, Philadelphia.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—The presiding Genius of Coughs and Colds is especially busy at this season of the year, sowing the seeds of disease on the damp, chill, equinoctial winds, and preparing a goodly harvest for the scythe of death. Let all, who are afflicted with coughs and colds, and do not wish to become sheaves in that awful harvest, apply the remedy now. With those who have a constitutional predisposition to consumption, immediate relief from the first symptoms of its approach is a matter of vital importance. With all, however robust and vigorous, it is in a climate like this a matter of moment to subdue all indications of pulmonary disease at the outset. A short delay may be fatal. "Only a cold," said a friend of ours about three weeks ago in reply to an enquiry about his health. Poor fellow! he now sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, a VICTIM OF CONSUMPTION. Had he used JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT in the early stage of his complaint, he would now, in all probability, be living and in health.

Prepared only by Doctor D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price $1.

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for.
972 shares	Girard Bank,	4a4½
551 do.	Wilmington R. R.	10¼a11½
175 do.	Reading R R.	20
85 do.	Planters' Bank, Tenn.	50
50 do.	Schuylkill Bank,	6
40 do.	Girard Trust,	18½
40 do.	Schuylkill Navi. Co.	34¾
30 do.	Man. & Mec. Bank,	15¾
29 do.	Mechanics Bank,	18¾a19
23 do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank,	32a32½
15 do.	United States Bank,	4½
14 do.	Louisville Bank,	69½
13 do.	Western Bank,	41
8 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	58
$5500	State 5's, 1853 and 1864,	47
$6780	Wilmington R. R. 6's, 1855 and 1858,	71a75
$3000	Cincin. 6's, 1860,	83½a84½
$7000	U. States 6's, 1862,	112
$950	County 5's, 1860,	90
$3000	Reading R. R. 6's, 1850, convertible,	56
$100	City 5's, 1866,	100½

New Counterfeits.

Bank of Tennessee, Nashville. 50's altered from 10's. May be detected by the position of the coat of arms of the State. In the altered note the arms is on the right centre; in the true 50's on the left centre. The alteration has been made upon all the branches.

Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Burlington, Vt. 5's, letter B. pay S. D. Sanford, May 31, 1841. Vignette, a female holding a cup to an eagle.

State Bank of Indiana, Indianapolis. 20's, variously dated and filled up to each of the branches. The paper is much lighter than the genuine, note shorter and engraving not so distinct. On the left end of the bill there is a representation of Archimedes raising the world. In the counterfeit the little finger only of the philosopher is around his lever, while in the genuine it is grasped by the whole hand.

Globe Bank, Providence, R. I. All notes signed S. D. Day, cashier, and N. Bishop, pres't. are worthless.

Tompkins' County Bank, Ithaca, N. Y. 1's, letter B, pay A. Camp. N. T. Williams, cashier. Paper thin, and engraving poor.

Bank of Owego, Owego, N. Y. All signed S. D. Day, cash., and N. Bishop, prest., are worthless.

Agricultural Bank, Pittsfield, Mass. 2's, dated in 1842; E. R. Colt, cash., E. A. Newton, prest. Poorly executed.

Montgomery Co. Bank, Johnstown, N. Y. 10's, letter A, pay A. Cady, Nov. 1, 1842. Edward A. Wells, asst. cash., James W. Miller, prest. Paper light and thin. Vignette, reapers.

New England Bank, Boston, Mass. 1's, stereotype plate, letter E on right end, and letter D on both ends. E. P. Clark, cash., Ph. Marett, prest.—*Bick. Reporter.*

Philadelphia Market.

Grain—Receipts of wheat large, with a fair demand. Sales of five or six boat loads at 90a95 cents; we quote 91a95 cts for fair to prime quality. A sale of southern at 86½ cts. Rye has been in fair demand at 56a57 cts. Corn has been taken freely on arrival at 53 cts for round and 52 for flat yellow; southern at 50 cts for white and 51a52 for yellow. Oats—sales of southern at 29 cts.

Flour and Meal—The market has been exceedingly dull and inactive. Limited sales for city consumption have been made at $4.25, and western at $4.25 a 4.12½ per bbl. The nominal price is $4.25 for good brands Pa flour. No sales for export reported. Rye flour—small sales at $3. Corn meal—a sale of Pa at $2.62½ per bbl.

Cotton—About 175 bales have arrived from Charleston. There is some inquiry for the article, and the holders appear firm; 50 bales N. Orleans have been sold at 6¾c, cash; 61 do at 6¼ to 6½c, cash; and 29 bales Mobile at 7¼c, cash.

Fruit—Oranges scarce. Lemons—a sale of 100 bxs in fair order at 92½; prunes very scarce; figs 10 to 12c; dried apples 85 to 90c; do peaches, scarce.

Oil and Candles—A cargo of whale has arrived, sales from 37 to 40c; sperm still scarce, 60 to 65 cts; sale of 50 boxes sperm candles at 23c.

Provisions—Market without change. Hams sell at 5¼a6½ cts; sides 4a4½, and shoulders 3½a4 cts. Lard—a sale of No. 1 at 6½ cts.

Sugar—Holders are firm. Sales of 135 hhds Porto Rico on terms not reported. Some white Matanzas sold at 9½ cts. on time.

Coffee—Market quiet. Sales of 6a700 bags Rio at 7½ a8½ cts, and some St. Domingo at 6a6½ cts. on time.

Coal—This business will probably soon commence, as 12 or 15 vessels have arrived in the Schuylkill.

Salt—1445 sacks have arrived from Liverpool; no sales yet.

Molasses—Sales of 75 hhds Porto Rico at 24a25 cts. 4 mos.

Whalebone—About 14,000 lbs bone arrived, no sales yet.

Hemp—A small sale of Manilla at $130, on time.
Seeds—Small sales of cloverseed at $3 50a3.75
Iron—3247 bars have arrived from Liverpool.
Whiskey is steady at 19½a20 cts in hhds.
Plaster—A cargo sale at $2,75 per ton.
Fish—Mackerel still scarce, $9 to $7.
Bark—Quercitron is without change.
Rice $2¾ to $2½.

Cattle Markets.

Philadelphia—619 head of beef cattle at market; 250 Pa cattle and 185 Ohio sold in the Philadelphia market to the butchers at 5¼ to 6¼, the principal sales were made at 5¾ to 6c; 130 Ohio cattle went to New York; 10 left over. Cows and calves—411 at market; sales made at $20, $29 to $33, extra $36; springers $12 to $17; dry cows $6 to $13; calves at $1 to $3.25, extra $3; by live weight at $3 to 3½. Hogs—467 at market, sales at $3½ to 4, extra $4.25, all sold. Sheep—960 at market; sales at $1 to $1.50, and extra $3 to $3.75.

New York, May 10—Beeves—893 head, including 393 from the south were offered, and all sold at $4.75a7.50 as in quality. Cows and calves—15 sold at $15a$30 each. Sheep—175 sold at $2.50a$5 each.

Baltimore, May 8—Cattle—Market almost without supplies of beef cattle, the offering amounting to only 45 head. Sales $3,25a3,75 per 100 lbs.

Trade and Business.

Baltimore, May 9—Flour—Sales of Howard st. flour, asking price for good standard brands $4.18¾. Last sales of city mills $4.25. Sales of 400 bbls Susquehanna at $4.25. Sales of Penna rye flour at $2.62½ cts. Grain—but little Md wheat in market. It is much wanted, and would bring over 90a95 cts for fair to good reds. No receipts of Penna. Sales of Md corn at 53a54 cts for white and yellow; two cargoes of Penna yellow sold at 53 cts. Last sale of Md oats at 26 cts; sales of Pa at 29 cts. Ginseng—a sale of 16,000 lbs at 2a cts per lb. Provisions—Heavy receipts of bacon have materially increased the stocks, and there is only a moderate demand. We quote western assorted at 4¼a4¾ cents; hams at 5¼a6c; sides at 4½a4¾ cts and shoulders at 3¼ a3½ cts. Whiskey—Receipts increasing, and there is now a tolerable stock on hand; sales of hhds at 21¾ cts and of bbls at 22¼ cts.

St. Louis, May 27—Remarks—The receipts of produce have been very large. The sudden opening of the streams above and the great rise, has afforded every opportunity for the stores of hemp, tobacco, flour and other produce in the upper country, to reach our market. The river is unusually high and still rising. Flour—Receipts heavy, and large quantities have been sent forward; market firm at $2.70a$2.75. Grain—Wheat is steady at 45a50 cts, with large receipts. Corn is in brisk demand at 18a20 cts; receipts light. Hemp comes in freely, and sells at $2a2,50, large lots are going forward. Lead—2500 pigs sold at $2 45, shipments heavy, as holders generally refuse to take less than $2.50. Tobacco—Sales of 150 hhds at 90 cts to $5.50, as in quality.

Pittsburg, May 6—Remarks—The river continues in good order, and the canal is in full operation. Freights to Phila are 70 cts for the leading articles of western produce. Business for the last thirty days has been very active. More good money has been brought into the city during that period than in all last spring. The cash system is growing up, and all business men are beginning to feel a change for the better. The amount of currency in market is large, but the value keeps steady at 25 cts to the dollar. Feathers are dull at 20 cents. Flour is firm at $2.87a$3. Grain—Wheat is in demand at 55 cts. Ginseng is in request at 22 cts. Iron—Market unsettled for pig, with large sales at $17 a $18 per ton; prices tend upward.

Cincinnati, May 5—Remarks—The last few weeks there has been a gradual improvement in business of all kinds. Provisions—Market firm for bacon at 3 cts for hog round, with moderate sales. Pork—Demand good for mess; 200 bbls very heavy and thick sold at $7.50a7.75; we quote mess at $7.25a7.50, prime is very scarce. Lard is firm, and the stock of strictly prime is very dull. A sale of 800 kegs No 1 at 5¼ cts. Flour has been in brisk demand, and prices have advanced; sales being made early in the week at $2.87, subsequently at $3.15, and now held at $3.20; 2500 bbls have been purchased for the Boston market; the city mills are fully employed. Wheat is steady at 50 cts.

Savannah, May 5—The demand for cotton has been moderate, with a good degree of firmness among sellers for the last few days; receipts for the week 6025 bales, exports 5780 bales; former quotations are continued, viz: inferior 4½a5, ordinary 5¼a5¾, middling 5¾a6, middling fair 6¼a6¾, fair 6¾a6¾, fully fair 7a7¼. Rice has been in limited demand, but sales indicate a slight improvement in prices; sales at $1¾ to 2½ per 100 pounds. Flour—Only sale 50 bbls Howard street and Virginia at $5.25. A lot of about 1500 lbs western bacon sold, for shoulders 3c, sides 6, hams 8a8½c.

Richmond, May 8—Tobacco—Receipts increasing and no change in prices. We quote lugs 2¼, 2¾ a 2½, leaf, common 3a3½, middling 3½a4½, good 4½a5¼; fine stemming and manufacturing active, and sells from $6 to $10 as in quality; a few extra manufacturing bbls have been sold at from $10 to 11? Flour—Holders ask for canal $4.25 with no sales. Receipts and stocks very light. Corn 50a57½ cts per bushel. Wheat, none in market. Last sales at 60 to 80 cts per bushel, according to quality, 80 cts highest price.

Charleston, May 6th—Cotton—Arrived 4677 bales, cleared 3725, stock on hand 20,318 bales. The Upland market, owing to the continued light receipts, is firm; demand fair and the lower grades are a shade higher; sales of 7317 bales, viz. 2000 at 4½a5½ cts. 2100 at 6a6¾ and the balance at 7a7¼ cts. Rice—Market depressed and prices with difficulty sustained; sales of 1600 trcs at 1¾a2½ cts. Grain—3000 bushels Md corn sold at 62½ cts; 30 bbls Philada hay sold at 70 cts. Flour; demand limited.

Petersburg, May 8—Tobacco—No changes. Lugs $2 a 2.50; leaf $2.75 a 7.75. No improvement in the quality of what is brought to the inspections. Great complaint is made of the scarcity of plants, and of destruction by fly. Cotton—Small sales 5¾a6¼. Corn—Afloat, 55c per bus; in store, 60c. Bacon—Virginia, 6a6½.

Mobile, May 3—The transactions in cotton yesterday limited to about 200 bales, for which very stiff prices; we quote middling 6¾c; the inquiry was good, but the continued embarrassments in the exchange market interfere with business.

New York, May 8—Ashes—There has been no transactions in either description since our last. Cotton—The market still continues dull. Flour—There is not much doing; we quote canal at $4.81¼; no change in other brands.

Alexandria, May 6—Flour has been sold at $4 per bbl. Grain—Wheat is worth 80a87½; white corn 50a51, and yellow 51a53 cts. Flaxseed $1a1.12½ per bushel.

Zanesville, Ohio, May 3.—Flour is worth $3 per bbl. and wheat 50 cts per bushel.

ALMANAC.

May 1843.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
13 SATURDAY,	4 55	7 5	1 40	
14 SUNDAY,	4 54	7 6	2 32	D. H. M.
15 MONDAY,	4 53	7 7	3 21	
16 TUESDAY,	4 53	7 7	4 25	
17 WEDNES.	4 52	7 8	5 24	First 7 3 27
18 THURSDAY,	4 51	7 9	6 18	Full 13 5 37
19 FRIDAY,	4 50	7 10	7 7	L'st 20 10 57
20 SATURDAY,	4 49	7 11	7 51	New 29 1 57

Married,

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. C. C. Vanarsdale, JOHN BORDEN, to Miss MARY S. eldest daughter of Henry Apple, all of this city.

On the 9th inst. by Alderman Mitchell, JAS. D. KIMMEY, to MARGARETTA JENKINS, both of Camden, State of Delaware.

At the Woodlands, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, JAS. C. VANDINE, to ELIZABETH M. SNYDER, niece of the late Thomas Kittera, Esq.

On 5th-day, 4th instant, by Friends' ceremony, at the house of I. Trimble, ENOS L. PRATT, of East Goshen, to LYDIA TRIMBLE, daughter of Isaac Trimble, of Trimbleville, all of Chester county.

In Wilmington, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. I. T. Cooper, of Dover, Mr. LOUIS H. GRUBB, to Miss MARY E. daughter of Rev. Jesse Ford.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Hogarth, JOHN W. OSBORNE, of Kent county, Md. to Miss MARGARET A. THOMAS, of Wilmington, Del.

On Fourth-day, the 3d inst. at Friends' meeting house on Orange street, D. OFFLEY SHARPLESS, to ESTHER S. daughter of W. E. Hacker.

On the 9th inst. by the Mayor of Philada. by Friends' ceremony, GEORGE STEARNS, to ELMIRA LARRABEE, both of Baltimore, Md.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. THOMAS J. JEFFRIES, to Miss AMANDA WILSON, both of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. D. L. Carroll, HENRY E. BURGESS, to Miss ELIZABETH M. WHITE, all of Spring Garden.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, ELI CROSSAN, to Miss ELIZABETH LEVELL, all of Delaware.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Newton, THEOPHILUS P. HART, to MATILDA, daughter of C. Egner, Esq. both of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, HENRY D. SHERRERD, to SUSAN W. only daughter of Chas. E. Hollinshead.

At Cranbury, N. J. on the 3d inst. by the Rev. S. C. Henry, Mr. CHARLES SKILLMAN, of Princeton, to Miss CATHARINE THOMPSON, of the former place.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, RAPIN E. SMITH, to MALVINA J. STOTT.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, THOS. M. KIMBER, to ELIZABETH, daughter of Dr. Shaeffer, all of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the same, HENRY RIDGEWAY, to CAROLINE OKIE, all of this city.

Died,

On the 10th inst. in the 14th year of her age, ANNA C. CRAIG, daughter of the late Wm. W. Earl, Esq.

On the 9th inst. ELIZA ANN, wife of Jos. E. Baker, in the 29th year of her age.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. MARY A. HENION, in the 24th year of her age.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. SARAH POST, wife of Henry Post.

On the 10th inst. MATTHEW NEELY, Jr. in the 28th year of his age.

On the 9th inst. LAURA SMITH, daughter of J. E. Eldridge, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 9th inst. MARY ANN, daughter of Robert and Ann Kilduffe, aged 7 months.

Suddenly, on the 9th instant, JOHN DAVIS STOVELL, aged 4 years and 8 months, eldest son of J. and Sarah Stovell.

At the Chester county Alms House, on the 26th ult. REBECCA DILWIN, aged 63 years.

On the 8th inst. Miss SARAH KIRK, in the 29th year of her age.

On the 8th instant, THOMAS L. CORKRIN, in the 46th year of his age.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. REBECCA EATON, daughter of the late Wm. Negley.

On the 9th inst. ELLEN, daughter of Joe. and Sarah A. Busch, aged 8 years and 7 months.

On the 9th inst. ABEL R. COMBS, aged 11 months and 9 days.

On the 7th inst. BERNARD MERCER, in the 60th year of his age.

On the 6th inst. SARAH, wife of the late James Gillingham, in the 73d year of her age.

On the 7th inst. ELIZABETH M. daughter of Benj. A. and Charlotte W. Shoemaker, aged 15 months.

On the 7th inst. BRIDGET ANNA, daughter of Wm. and Eliza Loughlin, aged 19 months.

On the 7th inst. JACOB HART, in the 79d year of his age.

After a short but severe illness, Mrs. ELIZABETH CLOSE, in the 20th year of her age.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH KEEFFE, aged 70 years.

On the 7th inst. HARRIET G. daughter of Wm. and Tacy Mackintosh, in the 3d year of her age.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. ANN WHITE, aged 66 years.

On the 5th inst. BENJ. P. SMITH, Esq. aged 46 years, late cashier of the Commercial Bank of Penna.

At his residence in New York, on the 6th inst. Gen. JARRAT STILLWELL, aged 86, a soldier in the Revolution.

On the 7th inst. Miss ELIZABETH IMMEL.

On the 6th instant, LEVERETTE, aged 2 years and 9 months, youngest daughter of Thomas S. and Frances Hale.

On the 2d inst. ROBERT MEGAW, aged 19 years.

On the 4th inst. EDWIN N. MARKER, aged 7 years.

On the 4th inst. MARIA M. WECKERLY, aged 4 years.

On the 4th inst. PATRICK SWEENEY, aged 47 years.

On the 3d inst. MARY A. ELDRIDGE, aged 9 years.

On the 4th inst. SUSAN L. SPOONER, aged 3 years.

At Apalachicola, Florida, on the 16th ult. the Rev. G. R. W. SMITH, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, aged 22 years.

HEALTH OFFICE, MAY 6, 1843.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 29th of April to the 6th of May.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Caries,	1	0	Brought over,	22	37
Croup,	0	3	——Typhoid,	1	0
Congestion of the Brain,	0	1	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	2
Consumption of the Lungs,	10	1	——Bronchi,	3	3
Convulsions,	0	1	——Lungs,	1	2
Dropsy,	2	2	——Stomach,	1	0
——Head,	0	5	——Bowels,	0	3
——Breast,	0	1	——Breast,	0	1
Debility,	0	2	——Heart,	0	1
Effusion on Brain,	0	2	Jaundice,	1	0
——Chest,	0	1	Mania a Potu,	1	0
Epilepsy,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	1
Erysipelas,	2	5	Old Age,	1	0
Enlargement of the Heart,	1	0	Palsy,	4	0
——Liver,	1	0	Polypus of heart,	1	0
Fever, Congestive,	1	0	Scrofula,	0	1
——Puerperal,	2	0	Small Pox,	1	0
——Remittent,	1	0	Still Born,	0	8
——Scarlet,	0	13	Unknown,	0	2
			Whooping Cough,	0	1
Carried over,	22	37	Total. 100——	38	62

Of the above there were 3 from the almshouse, and 15 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
April 30,	52	56	60
May 1,	58	59	64
2,	48	55	63
3,	50	52	54
4,	50	59	72
5,	55	61	70
6,	51	59	63

THE UNITED STATES JOB PRINTING office, Ledger Building, Southwest corner of THIRD and CHESNUT streets, Philadelphia, is supplied with the most extensive and valuable variety of all kinds of *JOB TYPE, MACHINE PRESSES, AND PRINTING MATERIALS GENERALLY,* Which could be selected in this country, and it is prepared to execute all orders for *FINE LETTER PRESS PRINTING* OF EVERY VARIETY, SUCH AS BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, HANDBILLS, BILLS OF LADING, BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, POLICIES, BLANKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, RAIL ROAD, STAGE AND STEAMBOAT BILLS OF EVERY VARIETY, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS, etc. etc. etc.

There is constantly adding to its stock, at whatever expense, all the specimens and beauties of the *AMERICAN FOUNDRIES,* and no pains is spared to please, both in quality and price, all who may favor it with their orders. *THE TERMS ARE CASH.*

And a distinctive feature in its mode of doing business, which is the only ground upon which it expects to be favored, is that of studying the interest of the customer. From the superiority of their materials, and their improved facilities in machine power presses, &c., they are confident of their ability to execute printing of every kind quicker, neater, and cheaper, than it can be done at any other establishment in the country. Orders from every part of the Union promptly fulfilled.

Dickson's Improved Rotary Card Press having been added to the office, is now in active operation. Cards and Letter sheet Jobs can therefore be thrown off at the rate of THOUSANDS OF IMPRESSIONS PER HOUR.

Office, S. W. corner of THIRD and CHESNUT Streets, Philadelphia. my 13 1m

JUST PUBLISHED—PICTORIAL HISTORY of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON. (Vol. 2, price 50 cents.)

History of the Emperor Napoleon, from the French of M. Laurent de l'Ardeche, Member of the Institute of France, &c. &c. with five hundred illustrations, after designs by Horace Vernet, and twenty original portraits.

As a chaste, condensed, faithful and accurate memoir of the Great Captain it is worthy of much attention. The writer has scarcely drawn the necessary facts of his history from the letters, speeches, manifestoes, bulletins and other state papers of Napoleon, and has given a considerable number of them in the text. The work, in this respect, is not unlike the design of many memoirs of less distinguished individuals, who are made to tell their own story by means of private letters and journals. There is a piquancy and interest about this manner of composing details, that cannot be obtained in any other way. No man could give so good an account of the wonderful exploits of Napoleon as the victor himself; and his language is often not less comprehensive, terrible and sublime than his achievements were winning and vast. Scott pretended to find in them bombast but the same sentences which he condemned, and which might perhaps seem warm, glowing, and often exaggerated, to a cold and northern fancy, sent a thrill through all the millions of France, and aroused that terrible valor which bore the eagle of victory triumphant over a hundred battle fields, and placed it at last on the towers of the Kremlin, to be torn and broken by the northern tempest.

The postage on this work is only periodical, and will be forwarded to any who will remit the amount, TWO DOLLARS in advance. Three copies will be furnished for $5.

Address, GEO. S. APPLETON, Publisher,
my 13 No. 148 Chesnut street, opposite the Arcade.

CHEAP SILK FRINGES, FANCY DRY GOODS, &c., at the *New York Silk Store*, 204 Market street, one door below Eighth. Just opened 800 pieces all colors, shades and widths of Silk Fringe, only 12½ cts per yard, which is less than half the usual price. Also rich light colored dress Silks.

Black figured and plain Silks, commencing at 37½ cents, together with the usual assortment of Fancy Goods at equally low prices.

☞ Persons visiting the city are particularly invited to call at this store. my 13 3t*

HORSE COMPANY MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Strickersville Horse Company for the detection of thieves, and the recovery of stolen property, will meet on Saturday the 27th day of May next, at three o'clock P. M. at the Public House of David M. Hannum, in London Britain Township county of Chester, Penna. A punctual attendance is requested by order of the company.

EVAN GARRETT, Secretary.
Strickersville, April 27, 1843. my 6-3t*

T. J. McLAIN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Warren, Ohio.—Will attend to all business in the line of his profession, in the county of Trumbull, or in any other county in North Eastern Ohio, which may be entrusted to his care.
Office at the Post Office. ap 15 3m

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST, BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS, *No. 35 South Third Street. Philadelphia, May 12th, 1843.*

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10
Agricultural bank,	–
City bk. Portland,	–
Damariscotta,	–
Mercantile bank,	–
Stillwater canal bk.	–
Bangor Com. bank	–
Westbrook bank,	–
Citizens bank,	–
Globe bank,	–
Washington co.	–
Frankford bank,	–
All solvent banks	⅜a½
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	⅜a½
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	3
Bk. of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks	⅜a½
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	⅜a½
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	⅜a½
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Globe Bank,	do
Wool Growers bank,	failed
Millers bk of Clyde	25
Far bk. Seneca co.	50
Com bk. New York	1½
Lafayette bank,	–
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	–
Dry Dock bank,	1
N. Am. Trust Co.	–
Bk. Buffalo,	10
Lewis Co	50
Com bk. Buffalo,	50
All solvent banks,	¾a1
Country banks,	1 dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middle Districts, Platsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co. Wayne County bank, Mer. & Planters,	Broken.
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud
Ex. bk Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Manufac. Co.	do
Red Backs,	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bank at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
N. Hope D. Bridge,	35 dis
Tren. Banking Co. old	par
New plate,	par
All other banks,	par
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hobo. bking & G Co.	broke
Washington b'king Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lombard,	do
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of N. Brunswick,	do
Mec. bk Patterson,	do
PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bk.	par
Moyamensing bank	par
Penn Township bank	par
U. S. Bank notes	46a47 dis
Girard do.	25a26 dis
Penna. do.	par
Germantown,	par
Del. co. at Chester,	par
Chest'r co. at W. Chest'r	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par
Farmers bk Reading,	½ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	80 dis
Lancaster bank,	½ dis
Far. bk Lancaster,	½ dis
Lebanon,	3½a4 dis
Harrisburg,	5 dis
Middletown,	4 dis

Carlisle,	4½ dis
Columbia Bridge,	½ dis
Northumberland,	par
Miners bk at Potts.	5 dis
Wy'g bk Wilk'sb're,	7 dis
Pitts. demand notes,	1 dis
" Certificates,	1 dis
" Post notes,	1 dis
Towanda,	85 dis
York,	4½ to 5 dis
Gettysburg,	4½ to 5 dis
Chambersburg,	4½ to 5 dis
Waynesburg, p. notes,	7 dis
" demand notes,	7 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	2 dis
" demand notes,	2 dis
Erie,	6 dis
Berks county bank,	70 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk Susquehanna co.	15 dis
Lewistown,	2 dis
Lum. bk Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	46 dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	½ dis
Patapsco banks,	1 dis
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Fredericktown,	1 dis
Hagerstown,	1 dis
Westminster,	1 dis
Williamsport,	1 to 1½ dis
Cumberland,	2 dis
Salisbury,	7½ dis
Franklin bank,	20 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Frederick County bk,	1 dis
Broken bks. various	prices
Balt. Ohio R.R. notes,	25 dis
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	½ dis
Georgetown,	½ dis
Far. & Mechanics,	½ dis
Alexandria,	½ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchant's bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches,	1½ dis
Farmer's bk & brchs,	1½ dis
Valley bk & branch,	1½ dis
Ex. bk & branches,	1½ dis
Wheeling,	3 dis
Wheeling post notes,	3 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	2
Small notes,	3
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1
Small notes	2
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	3
Ocmulgee,	–
Monroe R. R.	–
Columbus,	–
Phenix bk.	–
Exchange bk.	–
Chat. R. R. bank,	–
Central bk. of Mill.	
Georgia R. R. Co.	–
Ruckers, Bkg. Co.	–
All solvent banks	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks	17 dis
Small notes	18 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati	3½ dis
Bank notes,	4 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	70 dis
State bank,	62½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	2 dis
Small Notes,	3 dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	3
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	3 dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks	3½ dis
FLORIDA.	
S'rn Life & Tr. Co.	–
CANADA.	
Montreal	5

Exchange on New York,	½ dis a ½ prm.
" Boston,	" " "
" Baltimore,	½ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes,	5½ to 6 dis
City Relief Notes	6½ to 7 dis

PRINTERS' and BINDERS' WAREROOMS, Nos. 29 and 31 GOLD Street, New York. APRIL, 1843.

PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

The "HOE" PRINTING PRESS MACHINE AND SAW MANUFACTORY, in consequence of the addition of new and improved machinery to their work, and the reduction in the cost of materials and labor, are enabled greatly to reduce the prices of their Presses, and of Printers' and Binders' materials generally, as will be seen by their newly printed circular, to which they beg leave to refer.

This establishment is still under the personal superintendence of RICHARD M. HOE & ROBERT HOE and they assure their friends that notwithstanding the great reduction in prices, all articles manufactured by this establishment shall retain the high reputation which they have hitherto sustained. It will also be their constant endeavor to improve the quality of them in every particular. They flatter themselves, also, that their old friends will not only continue their favors, but that Printers generally will appreciate their endeavors to furnish the very best articles at barely remunerating prices.

Orders from any part of the country for all articles used by Printers or Binders including Type Ink, Paper, &c., will be executed with the greatest care and promptitude, and on the best terms.

Jobbing work and repairing will be done at the lowest possible prices, with every attention and expedition.

N. B.—All articles manufactured by this establishment will be stamped R. HOE & Co., so that persons from abroad may not be imposed upon with spurious articles, made in imitation of theirs. my 6 4t

☞ Printers of newspapers who publish this advertisement, with this note, three times before the first of July next, and send one of their papers to us, will be entitled to payment of their bill on buying four times the amount.

TEN COMPLETE NOVELS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

FANNY DALE, by T. S. Arthur,	12½c
BELL MARTIN, do.	12½
THE TWO MERCHANTS, do.	12½
THE ROUE, by E. L. Bulwer,	12½
THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE, do.	12½
THE CHILD OF THE WRECK, by Harry Stevens,	12½
LE MOUCHOIR, by J. Fenimore Cooper,	12½
ROSINA MEADOWS, The Village Maid, by W. B. English	12½
THE MYSTERIOUS CHEVALIER, by G. P. R. James,	12½
ANGELA, a Tale of Love and Guilt, by F. A. Durivage,	12½

For $1, the above 10 works complete, will be sent to any part of the United States at newspaper or pamphlet postage.

Any person remitting the subscription price to either of the following publications, shall receive as a premium, any six of the above works which may be enumerated.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE,	$3.00
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,	3.00
LADIES' COMPANION	3.00
SARGENT'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,	3.00
THE KNICKERBOCKER	5.00
THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW	5.00
REPUBLICATION of The LONDON LANCET	5.00
THE NEW WORLD,	3.00
THE BROTHER JONATHAN,	3.00
THE NEW YORK MIRROR,	3.00
THE NEW YORK WEEKLY HERALD,	[illegible]

All orders must be post paid, or free, and addressed to G. B. ZIEBER & Co.
my 6-3t* No. 3 Ledger Building, Philada.

PLEASE READ THIS CIRCULAR.

T. GILBERT & CO., PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS, 406 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

NEXT BUILDING NORTH OF WASHINGTON BANK.

THE senior partner in the above firm is, with a single exception, the oldest Piano Forte Manufacturer in Boston; and was one of the old firm of "Currier & Gilbert." The instruments of various styles bearing the names of and manufactured by "Currier & Gilbert," "T. Gilbert," and "T. Gilbert & Co. 402 and 406 Washington Street," are now too well known throughout this country to need any commendation, further than to say, that the same T. Gilbert is still actively and constantly engaged in superintending the business, assisted by his partner, Henry Safford, who is also personally devoted to it. This, it is presumed, will be sufficient to assure the confidence of all their friends.

They have all the facilities for getting up their work in the best possible manner, and at the lowest possible expense, at which first rate work can be done—having connected with their manufactory a steam engine, to facilitate all those parts which can be done by the aid of machinery.

They also have every part of the work done at the above manufactory in the city, and under their own personal inspection, by experienced workmen only; as they employ no apprentices.

During the past year, they have made very important improvements in the Piano Forte, some of which they have patented. In the Horizontal or Square Piano Forte we have an improvement so important, by the use of a pedal, the dampers are made to strike one or two strings, at the pleasure of the performer; thus combining the soft, sweet tones of the Upright with the power of the Grand Piano Forte, without the inconvenience of size and shape. But having heard frequent complaints of the common Square Piano Forte, on account of its size, and objections to the Upright and Piccolo, for other reasons, and to obviate those objections, we have invented a new one, embracing all of the above improvements, which, with seven octaves, occupies but about half as much room on the floor as the common Square, and having a very important improvement in the action, by which a single spring is made to answer the threefold purpose of pressing down the damper, and at the same time of bearing with equal force on the hammer and key, so as to cause their quick return after the blow is struck, thus making the action of the keys susceptible of the most rapid execution that any one can desire.

Lowest prices of the above from $300 to $500. Common Square Piano Fortes, of various patterns, with all the other improvements, from $200 to $600.

In view of all these facts, and their own experience, together with the ample testimonials which they have from others, they have no hesitation in warranting their instruments to be as good as can be obtained at any other manufactory in the world; the purchasers themselves being the judges.

They will in all cases exchange, at their own expense, and from any part of the country, all such instruments as are paid for on delivery, and have been selected by themselves, or refund the purchase money, at the option of the purchaser at any time within six months of the time of sale, if the instrument shall not prove entirely satisfactory.

In order to secure a cash business, they would feel it due to their customers, that they will now sell at retail, where the cash accompanies the order or is paid on delivery of the instrument from their shop at Twenty Five per cent. below their former warerooms prices.

Persons ordering Piano Fortes, of any description, and remitting from $200 to $300 with the order, may rest assured that in all respects they shall have as good an instrument for the money they send, as if they apply in person, or employ an agent to select for them.

The subscribers hereby request all persons who may favor us with their orders, on the foregoing terms, to expose publicly every apparent intentional neglect or failure on our part to fulfil them to the very letter. And we further engage to pay ourselves, all the necessary expense for giving publicity to each case of such neglect or failure, in at least one public newspaper—such as the dissatisfied party may select.

And in order to satisfy all who may wish to purchase of us, of our entire responsibility and correct business habits, we invite them to write us for reference, and we will give them such as may be required.

Thus throwing ourselves upon the public, we solicit their patronage. T. GILBERT & CO.
Boston, Feb. 3, 1843. may 13 eow 3m

SILK WORM EGGS.—THE CHOICEST kinds, raised by the subscriber, from healthy stock, for sale. They will be delivered to the purchaser as he may need them, now or during the Summer, being kept in ice. Peanut Eggs, from cocoons which regularly yielded 20 to 21 oz. of the reeled silk per bushel; Mammoth Sulphur and White, of prime healthy stock, at $3 per oz. for either variety. Large quantities delivered free of cost in Philadelphia, New York, or Baltimore.

Also, Piedmontese Reels price $10.

Reeled silk received and sold on commission.

Orders for Eggs, etc. must be accompanied with the money. Information on the Silk Culture extended to all inquirers. EDMUND MORRIS.
jan 28 eow 3m of Burlington, N. J.

LAW NOTICE.—THE LEGAL BUSINESS of the subscribers in all the Courts—except the Criminal—will hereafter be transacted in the joint names of JOHNSON & GREEN.

OFFICE, No. 41 SOUTH SIXTH street, opposite the Court House. OVID F. JOHNSON, ASHBEL GREEN, Jr.

A. G. R. has removed his Office, as New Jersey Commissioner, from No. 60 Walnut street, to the above. dec 10 ly

Gems from the Poets.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

BY THOMAS K. HERVEY.

Morn on the waters!—and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light!
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on:
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennant streams onward, like hope, in the gale!
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along!
Upward she points to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily, aloft in the shrouds!
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away, and away.
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking, below!

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky;
Treading its depths, in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light.
Look to the waters,—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep—as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty! could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting, within!
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,—
Hearts that are parted and broken for ever!
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave!

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurled;
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,—
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs!
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on—just to cover our tears:
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

From the Monthlies.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY MAGAZINE.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Among the papers of an aged relative, which fell into my hands after her decease, I found two letters, so full of earnest and affectionate expostulation, that I became specially interested, to learn their history. They had apparently been written nearly forty years, and the faded ink—the time-stained paper—no less than the quaint and old-fashioned phraseology in which they were expressed bore witness of their authenticity. My curiosity was strongly excited and knowing that every family has its chronicler, in the person of some old lady or gentleman, who has outlived all interest in the present, and finds pleasure only, in recollections of the past—I had recourse to such a friend for information. The story was one of little incident, yet, as conveying a moral lesson of no small import, it may be worth preserving.

Eleanor Hubert, was one of a large family of brothers and sisters—and being neither the eldest nor the youngest—neither the pride nor pet—she occupied merely, the responsible station, of "one of the children." Possessed of strong affections and a warm heart, she had early distinguished her brother Henry, as the object of her special interest. While she was kind, and gentle to all, she was most devoted in her love to him. He was the junior, and the tenderness which had sprung in her childish heart for "the baby," grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, until it became the ruling principle of her life. Yet nothing could be more dissimilar than the character of the brother and sister. While Eleanor was all truth and goodness with a quiet temper—gentle manner—cheerful face and a fearless sense of duty; Henry was one of those reckless, thoughtless, yet generous beings, who are usually designated in after life, as "real good fellows,"—"nobody's enemy but their own," etc. His facility of temper rendered him unable to resist temptation, and with every disposition to do right he was constantly doing something wrong. Like all impulsive persons, he was naturally kind, affectionate, and magnanimous—no one could be more attentive to the claims of tenderness—no one ever acknowledged an error with more readiness and grace—or bore more meekly the punishment of a fault. But that peculiar characteristic of mind which often exercised in the cause of duty might have been honored with the name of docility, became a culpable weakness when it rendered him equally submissive to the influence of evil advisers—of course a youth of such character excited great anxiety in those who best loved him. His frank and handsome countenance, his affectionate manners, his sweetness of temper made him an universal favorite, and many a fault was overlooked—many an error excused for the merry-hearted, and thoughtless boy.

But Eleanor was grave and reflective beyond her years. The disgraces into which her beloved brother so often fell, led her to the discovery of the defects in his character, and in striving to screen him from the consequences of his follies, she learned to trace those follies to their source. Affection taught her to watch the first leaning towards error in his mind, and while yet a child in years she seemed to have become a guardian to the wayward but daring brother who looked up to her with almost reverential tenderness. Her own integrity and sweetness of character rendered her most deservedly dear to her parents, and she was thus enabled to save Henry very frequently from well-merited punishment which might possibly have modified his habits. It was the natural mistake of a young and tender heart and bitterly did she reproach herself in after days for her ill-judged kindness. Still this very influence formed a strong bond of union between them, and Henry learned to value doubly, that goodness which he could not imitate.

If parents would remember how entirely, "the child is father to the man," they would certainly watch more close over the first ebullitions of evil passion in the hearts of their offspring. How surely may we trace the bitter streams of "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness" to the tiny fountain of anger or jealousy which first bubbled amid the flowers and verdure of childhood—and how vainly may we hope to leave a heritage of love to those whose expanding hearts have been watered with such envenomed dews.

It is not my intention to trace the course of Eleanor's affection through all the season of childhood. Years passed on, and she became a gentle and lovely woman; while Henry grew up to man's estate, gifted with all that could make him a favorite in gay society. Singularly handsome, possessed of various showy accomplishments, together with natural talents of a high order, and especially distinguished for his graphic skill in story-telling, and his fine taste as a singer of convivial songs, he was exposed to many temptations which could scarcely assail a less favored person. The consequences may be readily imagined. His facile temper rendered him an easy prey to evil, when it came in the shape of pleasure, and all the restraints of duty and affection were forgotten. There is an old legend of a christian hermit, who was tempted by the spirit of evil, and was finally brought to believe that he must choose which of three evils he would commit. His choice lay between theft, murder and intemperance—and the good man finding himself in such a strait, selected what he conceived to be the lightest sin. He chose drunkenness, as the least heinous crime, and the consequence was, that while in a state of inebriety, he committed both the other crimes. The story, though but a fable, may serve to illustrate the destructive nature of that deadly vice, which benumbs every noble faculty of human nature, and reduces a man below the level of the beasts that perish.

It was long before Eleanor could believe that her beloved brother had fallen into intemperate habits. She tried to blind herself to the indubitable evidences of his weakness which were seen in his bloodshot eye, his trembling hand and his unsteady step. She hoped that each recurrence of the mischief might be traced to some unusual temptation, and all the influence of her earnest affection was exerted to counteract the evil. Henry would listen to her remonstrances with deep remorse,—he would answer her with tears and promises, and as the dew of penitence was dried upon his cheek, or the echo of his words had died upon the listening ear, he was again the boon companion of those who "drank to die." It was this dreadful habit in her brother which called forth the letters of which I have spoken, and if in my story I have somewhat veiled the facts I shall give the letters entire—assuring my readers that they are the genuine remonstrances of an affectionate sister to an erring brother, and bear date forty years back.

Wednesday night, 12 o'clock, 1801.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Surely you do not despise your own soul—therefore listen to reproof. Remember the words of the wisest of men, "Rejoice O young man in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes, but know thou that for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment." What say you to this? I know you do not disbelieve it—you cannot—why then trifle away those precious moments which are so rapidly flying and leaving no trace behind—no trace did I say? alas! the recollection of your present folly will embitter your last moments and plant your dying pillow with thorns. I have often heard you say that you meant to take your pleasure in youth, and in old age you would seriously think of religion, but what if you should never see gray hairs? what if death should summon you away in the midst of your pleasures? What if now, even THIS NIGHT THY SOUL SHOULD BE REQUIRED OF THEE? The thought is appalling—oh, let it sink deep—deep in your young heart.

Or suppose you should arrive at a green old age, are you sure the passions by which you are now actuated, will not then predominate? Evil propensities grow with our growth,

"Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks to rivers run—rivers to seas."

Do you not think also that you would dishonor God by giving Him the very dregs of your life? He has said "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth"—and think you, He will be mocked by the offering of a heart already worn out in the service of the world! You have been blest above many others, in being born of Christian parents, in having received a religious education, and in being now within sound of gospel teachings. Your own heart will bear testimony against you, for surely you must remember a time when you would have shrank from the enormities you now commit. Listen to the faithful monitor which God has implanted in your breast, and my words will not have been uttered in vain.

Dear, dear Henry, you have not yet gone far in the crooked path of vice, your feet has but just passed over its flowery bounds and you have not yet been pierced by the hidden thorns which lie beneath the poisoned blossoms. Oh, let me say to you as did the angel to Lot, "fly, for your life." Remember the last words of our sainted mother, when the sweat of mortal agony was upon her brow—"my children, serve the Lord as I have done"—think of all her tender solicitude for you—remember her dying admonitions to you—the wanderer of her flock—and, oh! forget not that the many prayers which she has offered up for you are now treasured in heaven. I can write no more—tears blind my weary eyes—may you listen with a contrite spirit to the tender pleadings of

Your most devoted Sister.

Henry found this letter on his table when he arose. It was the morning of New Year's day, and he had long been engaged to join a party of roisterers who intended to celebrate the flight of time by dissipation. Touched by his sister's appeal, he remained at home, and Eleanor was made happy by the belief that he was not hardened against all convictions. For nearly two months he resisted all temptation and nothing could exceed his affectionate regard for his sister's wishes. But alas! for human weakness, his reformation was but transitory. I find a second letter dated,

New Years' Eve, 1802.

"MY BROTHER, I fondly hoped there would be no more occasion for my addressing you in this manner, and on this subject. Alas!—even the knotted oak yields beneath repeated strokes, and the flinty rock gives way, but you remain impenetrable. Why is it that your heart which is as wax in the hands of affection should in this matter receive no impression? Remember that "he who being often reproved hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy."

How can you thus silence the voice of your faithful conscience? ere long she will speak to you in a voice louder than ten thousand thunders. The partition between this world and the next, is very slight—the breath in your nostrils is your only safeguard from the horrors of an eternity, and you are never seized with the slightest illness, that I am not agonized with fears lest death should come upon you like a thief in the night. Oh! that your imagination would paint terrors of an unprepared death-bed even as they appear to me! every faculty of your soul would then be aroused to guard against temptation. Even a heathen philosopher could say "I am too noble and of too high a birth to be a slave to my body, which I look upon only as a fetter to the liberty of my soul." Cannot you, living under the light of Christian truth respond to his lofty sentiments?

My brother, I will not reiterate my persuasions, for my heart sinks within me, when I remember how utterly futile they have hitherto been. Oh, if you would but let the past time suffice, and henceforth live like a rational being, capable of enjoying the purest and most refined pleasures here, and meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the Saints hereafter! My beloved brother this is the LAST time I shall ever thus address you—something tells me that my days are numbered, and some other hand must lay an offering of affection before you when next the opening year returns—God bless, my dear, my erring brother—oh, that my death might be your light!"

Henry had made fearful progress in vice during the past year, but the second appeal was not quite disregarded. He strove for a few days against the demon of strong drink, but his faculties were fast becoming besotted and torpid. Affection had lost its power over him, his naturally fine temper became irritable and violent, his once generous heart under the influence of sensual gratifications had become selfish, and the day of reform seemed past for ever. But the earnest prayer of a sorrowing spirit is often answered, and Eleanor had not wrestled with her agony in vain.

Ere the THIRD New Years' day, Henry seemed irrecoverably ruined—his days were spent in sullen inactivity, his nights in riotous dissipation, and sometimes for weeks he would absent himself from his home. It was after such a season of reckless madness that he returned, worn and seared and sick with his excesses. He did not remember until he was on the thresh-hold that it was the first day of the Year, but as he entered the house, the words of his sister recurred to him so vividly that they seemed literally written on the wall before him. There was a strange air of desolation and silence around him, as he passed through the wide hall—his steps seemed to echo with an unnatural loudness, and that peculiar odor, which belongs to nothing but the newly framed casket of death, struck upon his senses. A horrid fear took possession of the prodigal's heart—he staggered forward and flung open the door of the nearest apartment. His perceptions had not deceived him, a coffin stood on its blackened tressels in the centre of the apartment—it held the wasted form of his beloved sister!

A long fit of illness followed this fearful shock. Reason was utterly prostrated, and in his ravings the ghostly image of Eleanor seemed ever before him. For many days his life was in imminent danger, and for months he was a helpless invalid, but Eleanor's prayer had been heard. HER DEATH HAD BEEN HIS LIFE—Henry, from that hour, was a sincere penitent and, when a few years later, he followed his sister to the grave, he yielded his last breath in the hope of a blessed re-union with her in the world of spirits.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

[Goethe relates that he met, in the Champagna of Rome, a young woman nursing her child, seated on the remains of an ancient column. He questioned her on the ruins with which her dwelling was surrounded. She was wholly ignorant of every thing concerning them; being wholly devoted to the affections which filled her soul. She loved; and to her the present moment was the whole of existence.]

Temples, and monuments, and crumbling fanes,
Altars, and broken shafts, are scattered round:
Ages long past have sanctified these plains,
And stamped this sacred spot as hallowed ground.
While Art and Genius here their home have found!
But see! where these old sculptured marbles rest,
A mother clasps her infant to her breast;
She seeks not here to learn what minds unknown
Carved these immortal forms in breathing stone;
She smiles in joy upon her infant fair,
And that sweet babe to her glad spirit seems
Holier than sculptured forms or poet's dreams;
And in such bliss, Oh! wherefore should she care
Who reared those shafts! by whom those towers were piled?
The present fills her soul—her heart is with her child!

Russian High Life.

MARRIAGE OF THE CZAR ALEXIS, Father of Peter the Great.

In former times a curious custom was observed in Russia when the Czar proposed to enter the holy married state. Several high officers of the Court were dispatched to different parts of the Imperial dominions, to assemble together about fifty or sixty of the most lovely daughters of the noblest Russian families. From this *elite* of Muscovite beauty, the Imperial bride was chosen. The young ladies were conducted to the Kremlin at Moscow. There they remained, unseen by any one except the Czar, or those to whom the favor was granted by Imperial permission, until the solemn day when in the presence of his assembled courtiers and ministers, the Sovereign named the fortunate fair one with whom it was his high will and pleasure to share the throne.

Alexis, the son of Michael, and the father of Peter the Great, used sometimes, after the manner of Haroun al Raschid, to quit his palace in disguise, and visit, in some assumed humble character, the houses of the citizens, and the huts of the peasantry. If he was recognized by any of the nobles or persons connected with the Court, they were commanded to respect his *incognito*, and were expressly forbidden to treat him with any greater degree of respect than such as might be due to his assumed rank and condition. By this means, he saw every thing with his own eyes, and learned many facts, the knowledge of which would not easily have penetrated within the boundaries of a Court. In this manner, he not unfrequently paid the most unexpected visits to his favorites, sat down to dinner with them, and spent a few agreeable hours in their family circles, laying aside all the etiquette of Sovereignty. He was particularly fond of taking by surprise the Boyar Matweef, for whom he entertained a cordial friendship, and who was one of the principal counsellors of the Crown.

One day, at a time when he was least expected, Alexis presented himself at Matweef's country house, at a short distance from the capital. He was dressed in the uniform of a captain of the Imperial guard. Both host and visitor started; Matweef, because he supposed the Emperor to be far off, and in a totally different direction; and Alexis, because he beheld, seated at Matweef's dinner table, a young lady whose beauty attracted his attention. In obedience to the Czar's injunction, Matweef received him merely as an officer of his acquaintance, inviting him to seat himself at table and partake of the family dinner.

At first the conversation was maintained exclusively between Alexis and Matweef, but at length the Czar drew in the fair stranger to bear a part in it. He was charmed with the intelligence of her remarks and her graceful manner of expressing herself; and he was not a little sorry when she retired at the conclusion of the repast.

"Who is that young lady?" said he, eagerly addressing Matweef, as soon as she had left the apartment.

"That is Natalia Narishkin, the daughter of a poor but estimable nobleman, whose straitened circumstances oblige him to live in a secluded village, and who has solicited me to superintend the education of his only child. "I have," pursued Matweef, "executed this task to the best of my ability; and I must add that my labor has not been thrown away. Joined to brilliant talent and a highly cultivated mind, Natalia possesses a gentle and amiable disposition, which endears her to every one; in short, I love her as though she were my own daughter!"

"Let her continue to pursue her education under your care," said the Czar. "Spare no expense for her instruction, I will defray it; and it is not impossible I may find a husband for her. Does she know who I am?"

"No, Sire, she seldom goes out, and has never seen your Majesty before."

"Do not let her know my rank. Let her believe that I am merely an Officer of the Guards."

Alexis soon repeated his visit to Matweef's country house; and he found the beautiful Natalia more charming than on his first introduction to her. He soon came a third and a fourth time, and at length his visits were repeated without fail every day. Natalia on her part, felt daily increasing pleasure in the society of her new acquaintance, and supposing him to be merely a poor officer, and the friend of her foster father, her behaviour towards him was marked by an unrestrained candor which lent additional charms to her animated conversation. Meanwhile Matweef found himself in a very embarrassing position. He observed the daily increasing intimacy between Natalia and Alexis yet dared not venture on any step which might tend to interrupt it; nevertheless he felt it to be his duty to warn the daughter of his old friend against the snares of a seduction, of which she could entertain no suspicion. His uneasiness on this point was the greater, inasmuch as he knew that Alexis had a plan of marriage in contemplation, and he naturally concluded that the future Czarina, whoever she might be, would not be very well pleased to hear of the assiduous attentions of the Monarch to his fair *protegee*.

The day fixed for the choice of the Imperial bride was fast approaching; the Kremlin contained within its walls sixty of the fairest daughters of the Russian nobility; jewellers, tailors, and dress makers had all completed their orders; and every thing was in readiness for the interesting day. The Boyars thronged to the capital full of eagerness to know the family on whom the Monarch proposed to confer the honor of Imperial alliance. All Moscow was in motion; the troops of the garrison were paraded in front of the palace, and the ringing of bells mingled with the joyous shouts of the populace.

The Grand Hall of the Kremlin presented a splendid picture. The nobles were habited in their rich national costumes, adorned with costly furs; the ladies arrayed in the gorgeous silks and cashmeres of the East; whilst in every direction the eye was dazzled by a profusion of diamonds and other rare jewels. By command of the Czar, all appeared masked with the exception of the beauteous group, from which Alexis was about to select the partner of his throne.

To that group all eyes were naturally directed. Each of the fair candidates was so remarkable for grace and beauty, that it was impossible to guess to which among them the preference might be awarded. The Princess Elizabeth Barbarykin attracted a considerable share of attention; many thought that she outshone her rivals—an opinion which a certain air of self complacency seemed to indicate that the young lady herself shared; and truly her surpassing beauty, no less than her noble descent, well befitted her to wear the Imperial diadem.

Admiration and interest had reached their utmost height, when a mask entered whose dress eclipsed in splendor all the rest. He was followed by a numerous retinue. As soon as he appeared, the words, "The Czar! the Czar!" resounded through the Hall in a sort of buzzing whisper. How triumphant was the delight of the Princess Barbarykin when the splendid mask advanced, and graciously addressed her. She trembled and turned pale, when he stepped aside to speak to other ladies, but he returned to her a second and a third time, and the fair Elizabeth already beheld in imagination the crown on her head, and her rivals at her feet.

Meanwhile, a quiet spectator of the passing scene, Natalia Narishkin, simply dressed, and unadorned by either gold or jewels, sat in a remote corner of the hall. She was accompanied only by old Matweef; but they were soon joined by their friend, the Captain of the Guards, who made himself known to them, though, like the rest of the company, he was masked. Natalia, with her accustomed frankness, entered into conversation with him, and inquired whether the Czar had yet determined his choice.

"Not yet," answered Alexis. "But permit me to conduct you to a place higher up the hall, where you will have a better view of his Majesty when he unmasks."

"Excuse me," said Natalia, "I prefer remaining here."

"But who knows," pursued Alexis, smiling, "whether his Majesty might not make choice of you, if he saw you."

"Indeed, Captain, I am not ambitious of so high an honor. I seek not to rival Princess Barbarykin."

"You are too diffident of your own merits, Natalia! You may perchance be destined to ensure the happiness of your Sovereign—of your country!"

"My hopes of happiness are centered in a far humbler destiny," replied Natalia with a sigh, whilst her eyes were suffused with tears.

Had Alexis wanted proof that he was beloved by Natalia, the tone in which these words were uttered must have convinced him. In an ecstacy of joy at finding the humble Captain preferred to the powerful Monarch, he advanced to the centre of the hall, and exclaimed in the tone of one accustomed to command—"Unmask!"

The buzz of conversation was instantly hushed, and unbroken stillness prevailed. Every eye was directed to Alexis, and every heart beat high with intense anxiety. Who can describe the confusion of Princess Barbarykin, when on the removal of the masks, she discovered that the gallant individual who had addressed to her so many flattering compliments was no other than Chopkin, the Court Fool! and how great was the astonishment of all present when the Czar himself, placing the crown on the brow of Natalia Narishkin, exclaimed—"BOYARS OF MOSCOW, BEHOLD YOUR CZARINA!"

The Humorist.

☞ "I say, Jemmy, lend me your last paper." "I can't do it; you wouldn't lend me your new coat 'tother day, you know!" "Nonsense—that's another thing—I only wanted to read it to the ladies." "Can't come it, Jerry—I only wanted to wear your coat to go and see the ladies." "Well, I'll not ask you again, I know—I'll go and subscribe first." "So you ought," said Jerry, and went on reading his paper.

☞ A lad relating to one of his companions the exploits of his father in hunting, on the previous day, asserted that he had killed nine hundred and ninety-nine pigeons at *one shot!* His companion observed that it would have been well to have added one to the number, and made it an even thousand, upon which the lad in high dudgeon, retorted, "*What! Do you think my father would tell a lie for one pigeon?*"

☞ The authentic pages of *Joe Miller* state the case of an Irishman who was accused of stealing a shirt off a hedge. "What have you to say for yourself?" said the magistrate; "here is a witness who saw you take the shirt." "Allow me a little time, place your honor," said the culprit, in nowise abashed, "and I will bring twenty witnesses who can swear they did not see me take it."

☞ "You saved my life on one occasion," said a beggar to a captain under whom he had served. "Saved your life!" replied the officer, "do you think I am a 'doctor?'" "No," answered the man, "but I served under you in the battle of ——; and when you ran away, I followed, and thus my life was preserved."

☞ Francis I. being desirous to raise one of the most learned men of the age to the highest dignities of the church, asked him if he was of noble descent. "Your majesty," answered the abbot, "there were three brothers in Noah's ark, and I cannot tell positively from which I am descended."

☞ "See how wrong you are to drink," said some one to a man who was then drunk; "Wine causes you to stumble at every step." "It is not so," answered the drunkard, "I do not err in drinking, but in attempting to walk when I am drunk."

☞ That "time and tide wait for no man" is proved by one James Hellinson, who advertises in an Iowa paper a Miss Mary *Tyde* for a breach of promise, she having united herself to a young Doctor after agreeing to marry him in twelve months.

☞ "My son," said a pious old lady to her son, after she had read to him a chapter in Scripture, relating to Jonah, "how must Jony ha' felt when the whale swallowed him?" "Sort o' down in the mouth I 'spose," replied the little rascal.

☞ The first Lord Lyttleton was very absent minded in company, and when he fell into a river by the upsetting of a boat, at Hagley, it was said of him that he had "sunk twice before he recollected that he could swim."

☞ Speaking of mesmerism, the Tropic tells of an apothecary's boy, who was mesmerized, and upon the organ of adhesiveness being touched, immediately rose and said he would "spread a plaster!"

☞ A coxcomb, talking of the transmigration of souls, said, "In the time of Moses, I have no doubt I was the golden calf." "Very likely," replied a lady—"time has robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

☞ "You are very much changed, Charles," said a frail fair one to her lover the other day. "That's a fact," said Charles. "I *have* changed—all the furniture of my house into yours."

☞ Yawning may be excited by taking hold of the tongs and opening them several times. Of course those upon whom the trick is practised, must not be aware of your design.

☞ "Please, sir, I don't think Mr. Dos'em takes his physic reg'lar," said a doctor's boy to his employer. "Why so?" "'Cause he's getting well so precious fast."

☞ It is a somewhat singular as well as melancholy fact, that while the fiercest tiger of the forest can be *tamed*, the tongue of the slanderer is *untameable*.

☞ The coffee tree dies out in fifteen years, and its height is only eight feet; hence it is planted in the intermediate spaces between the young nutmeg trees.

☞ There is a gentleman in this city so tender-hearted, it is said, that he refuses to take milk, because he deprives the innocent calves of it.

☞ It is fun to dance on a hot griddle; and it is sport to jump over a precipice; but it is a shame to neglect paying off the printer's bill.

☞ "What a thunderin' cruel pave this is," muttered a drunken man, "to keep a hoppin' up and hittin' a fellow slap in the face."

☞ Matri-mony is better than no *money* at all. It is *change* to a bachelor, though that change may sometimes consist of only a *bit*.

☞ "Are you the man of the house?" inquired a stranger of a citizen, one day. "No, but my wife is," was the subdued response.

☞ By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior.

☞ The profligate Duke of Wharton was one day dining with Dean Swift, and recounting several frolics he had run through. "My Lord," said Dean Swift, "let me recommend one more to you. Take a frolic to be good; rely upon it, you will find it the *pleasantest* frolic you ever was engaged in."

☞ Suppose one of the Siamese twins should steal; he could not be imprisoned without subjecting the sheriff to a suit of false imprisonment by the other. But if one should be accused of murder, he would be cleared on the ground of insanity—being a *man beside himself*.

☞ The Bunker Hill Aurora of Saturday last, under the head of "News of the Week," has the following *on dit*:—"A lover recently entered a house which he had been forbidden to visit, magnetised both the old folks, and then ran off with the daughter at his leisure."

☞ Why is a man who has too many servants like an oyster? Because he's eaten out of house and home.

☞ There is a great deal of sound matter and solemn instruction in a church bell, if it is only *tolled*.

☞ Beauty is worse than wine—it intoxicates holder and beholder.

Choice Selections.

ANECDOTE OF THE WOMEN OF BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS.

The year 1777 in Beverly, was distinguished by a riotous proceeding, in which the gentle sex were the principal actors. Mr. Stone, in his history, thus describes it:

The merchants of the town in consequence of the little confidence they had in a constantly depreciating paper currency, refused to sell the West India commodities in their possession, at the stated prices. This determination gave great offence, and under the excitement of the occasion, a number of women resolved to redress the grievances, forcibly or otherwise. One cold November morning, a company of about sixty, wearing lambskin cloaks with riding hoods, marshalled by three or four leaders, one of them bearing a musket, marched in regular order down Main and Bartlett streets to the wharves, attended by two ox-carts. They proceeded to the distil-house, where a quantity of sugar belonging to the estate of Stephen Cabot, deceased, was stored. In the meantime, the foreman of the distillery, to whose care the goods had been committed, locked the gates at the entrance of the passage leading to the store, and stood sentry within, to prevent the ingress of the assailants. Finding themselves opposed, they called to their aid a reinforcement of men, who, with axes, soon demolished the gates. The gallant foreman still maintained his post, and made a bold demonstration of resistance. His fair assailants, nothing daunted, pressed vigorously to the onset, and seizing him by the hair, which was not of nature's growth, were proceeding to execute summary vengeance, when he eluded their grasp by leaving his artificial covering in their hands—and fleeing all but scalpless to the counting-room, locked himself in for safety. The work of victory then commenced. With the co-operation of the volunteer reinforcement, these gentle expounders of "women's rights" forced the doors of the store, and rolled out two hogsheads of sugar, which were placed on the carts in attendance. The affair had now assumed a serious aspect, and several other merchants having a quantity on hand, and unwilling to risk the consequence of resistance and possible defeat, entered into a negotiation, which resulted in an agreement, on their part, to sell each a barrel of sugar to the female dictators, at the stipulated price, and receive paper money in payment. With this treaty, the war closed, and the valiant band dispersed. The sugar was carted to the house of the principal leader who kept a shop, and was there dealt out in convenient parcels, according to treaty engagement. Acting as agent, in the business, she received and paid over the money to the owners of the sugar, with whom an amicable settlement was subsequently made for the quantity forcibly taken.

THE SHIPWRECKED ON LAND.

BY S. D. PATTERSON.

An exchange paper relates that a sailor who had been long absent on a voyage, recently came into port, and immediately left Boston on a visit to his friends in Vermont, whom he had left in health a number of years before. Upon his arrival at the spot, the light hearted tar found that they had all died during his long absence. Even the bright-eyed girl whom he had left in all her virgin bloom, and to whom he was betrothed—she who, year after year, had anxiously watched for his return, slept beneath the cold clod of the valley! He retraced his steps, and when the editor met him on his return, he was seated by the road side, weeping like a child. A feeling of loneliness had come over the noble-hearted fellow, that touched a chord in his bosom which all the loneliness of the ocean could not reach. His home desolate—the cherished of his heart and the loved of his youth—his affianced bride—the sturdy oak, and the lily that bloomed in its shade—gone, all gone for ever! The sailor was shipwrecked on land, and the bold one who had withstood the beating of the surge and the mountain waves—who had braved the perils of the deep in the midnight storm, without the trembling of a nerve or the blink of an eye—had now lost sight of his polar star, and bitterly wept at the desolation which had come over him.

He stands beside his native cot—the fields his feet had trod
In youthful days of sunny prime—the green and verdant sod
On which his childhood's sports were held, are stretch'd before his eye,
And the sailor smiles at dangers past, while his heart beats joyously.

Sweet visions rise upon his view! Already in his grasp,
He holds his aged father's hand with a son's warm, cordial clasp,
And hears the voice of praise ascend to the guardian power above,
As that father welcomes to his arms the offspring of his love.

And she—the mother, whose kind hand first guided on their way,
His feeble, tottering footsteps, in his childhood's early day;
Whose voice first taught his lips to speak the words of thanks and prayer,
For blessings past, and good to come—that mother, she is there!

Already at her feet he kneels—her kiss—he feels it now.
Rich with the fervour of her love, imprinted on his brow;
And marks her bosom swell with bliss, her cheek with rapture burn,
As she hails, in holy, thankful joy, her wanderer's return.

And now, another vision fair steals on that wanderer's view—
'Tis one, who in his early years, among those scenes he knew,
Whose voice was music to his soul, whose smile, so light and gay,
Gave brilliancy to all his hopes, and cheer'd him with its ray.

She comes, with open arms, to meet her lover at the door,
And down her cheeks bless tears of joy in quick succession pour—
He clasps her in his toil-worn arms—her tears give place to smiles
While he, with love's true eloquence, each sorrowing thought beguiles.

No more, to them, the parting hour with saddening grief shall come,
His toils are o'er—his goal is won—and now, a happy home,
With her, his chosen and his own, to bless it with her love,
Will bind his willing footsteps there, and bid all cares remove.

* * * * * *

Such visions cheer'd his soul. Alas! that hopes so bright and fair,
Like mist upon the mountain top, should vanish into air,
And that the heart which never quail'd, when by the tempest tost,
On disappointment's desert shore should mourn its treasures lost.

Such was our wanderer's fate—the home, to which her footsteps sped
With ardent haste, *was home no more*. Among the quiet dead
Were numbered those to whom his heart with fond affection clung,
And the sailor mourn'd his shipwrecked joys, with a bosom sad and wrung.

PAYING UP AND PAYING DOWN.

The times are hard. Every body says so. Every thing is down and falling except debts due—they are on the rise and improve in amount daily. Paying debts, at this time, may well be called paying *up*, for raising the means to discharge debts is a hard and up-hill business. To those who have money to make purchases, paying *down* is a very pleasant affair. When a man can purchase a decent dress for his wife for a dollar, and articles of clothing for himself at the same rate there is some sense in paying down. The fluctuation in the times, though severe upon all and distressing to many, may, and possibly will teach us a useful lesson. We are trying the experiment of economy—of dispensing with many things, hitherto thought indispensable, because we have not money to purchase them and have a dread of running into debt. We are getting into the habit of *paying down* and are contriving to avoid the misery of *paying up*, and this is to be, hereafter, we verily believe, the custom of the community. Many of our worthy citizens are experiencing the untoward consequences of a general credit system. We trust, however, that they will soon rise from their temporary embarrassments, and return to their business with the benefits of the experience which the times are calculated to impart. In the midst of the gloom which spreads over the community, there is one hopeful promise of a restoration of activity and business, upon a safe basis. The farmers around us are generally unshaken. No class of men are so independent. It is true they have not as much money as in former years, but they have not as much use for it. They are not in debt, and consequently, not in trouble. So long as the farmers, who are the source of all business in this inland country, are sound and prosperous, all other classes may expect that the wheels will again be set in motion. But when they do move, and trade and manufactures flourish, let us not forget the lesson of experience, but as we would avoid the inconvenience of *paying up*, defer our purchases till we can *pay down*. By a rigid adherence to this rule many of the ups and downs which disturb the course of life will be avoided, and we can keep the even tenor of our way, "using the things of this world as not abusing them," and rendering to every one his just due.—*Woodstock Mercury.*

MESMERISM.

The New Orleans Bulletin relates the following curious scene that was witnessed by some twenty five select visitors, comprising several heads of the faculty there, at the exhibition of Dr. Moore, on Friday evening. The description is given with pointed and graphic force; but one of the most *serious* experiments is not mentioned. During the practical investigations in the sublime science of *phreno magnetism*, the operator touched up the bump of "Revenge," upon which the subject ground his teeth furiously and grinned horribly a ghastly smile, at the same instant drawing out a *pocket pistol* and cocking it at the audience!

We have not enjoyed, in all our reading and playgoing, a more ludicrous piece of happy merriment than then took place. Sceptics and true believers alike ran in all directions, tumbling over chairs and shoving each other about, as if the 23d of April was coming up stairs, and Miller's Millenium was popping unceremoniously upon them out of a little pocket pistol. There may be some satisfaction in being shot in a duel or in battle, but to be knocked out of this breathing world by a gentleman in sleep—

"The innocent sleep!
Balm of hurt minds—great Nature's second course!"

is a very unsatisfactory mode of making a mortal exit. A naval gentleman present, well acquainted with the young subject asleep, rushed forward to seize the pistol, and was wresting it away, when, with a knowing wink of the eye and in a tolerably loud whisper, the mesmerized individual requested to be let alone! This was a little extra effect, "not mentioned in the bills," and of course electrified every body present. Hurrah for Mesmerism!

WE WEEP IN VAIN.

BY C. C. EASTMAN.

We weep in vain—the book is shut—
The fountain sealed—and there
The one we loved so much is but
A breath of summer air.
The eye is closed, the ear is dull,
Alas! alas! so beautiful.

We weep in vain—above her head
With all its golden wealth,
Steeped in our tears the pall is spread,
So young, so full of health;
Ah! who that saw her yesternoon
Had dreamed to see her thus—so soon!

We weep in vain—there! let her sleep,
Beneath the maple tree,
The stars above her grave will keep
Their vigils. Sadly we
Return to life, with many a tear,
And one tie less to bind us here.

A SYSTEMATIC GIRL.—Mr. Bourne, in a lecture at the Farmer and Mechanic Jubilee at Bridgewater, Mass., humorously illustrated the following advantages of method and order, by giving an account of some domestics of his hiring. He once hired a very smart girl; she was ever on the go from early dawn to bed time. After a few years, the girl as girls often will, found a husband, and quitted earning wages and Mr. B. was obliged to hire another. But she was so methodical and apparently so slow, his wife was of the opinion she did not earn her wages. True she did all the work and had spare time, but she did not seem doing much. He one day watched her progress, and found that every movement was like clock work—no mis-steps were taken; after the fire was made every kettle was properly adjusted, and every dish was ready at the proper time. The table was set while dinner was cooking—every thing had its place, and there was not a lacking article at dinner. There was no blustering, and hurrying, and fretting, and skipping, to show out activity; but every thing was quietly performed in order and in season. On noticing accurately her mode of doing business, Mr. Bourne and his wife were both of the opinion this was the most valuable help he had hired. This led him to see how some farmers lost time. They would hurry to a distant field, and soon find they had left some important tool behind; a boy must be sent for it, and the men must sit and wait.

BIRD'S NEST EMBEDDED IN THE HEART OF AN OAK TREE.—On Tuesday last, as two sawyers in the employ of P. Chaloner, Sons & Co., ship builders, Baffin street, were employed in cross-cutting the limb of an oak tree, they came to what they considered a flaw in the wood, which, on examination, turned out to be a bird's nest, containing six young birds, all in a state of perfect preservation at the time, though a little damaged subsequently by careless handling. The young birds are nearly full fledged, and must have been nearly ready for flight, when the closing up of the entrance to the nest entombed them alive. The exclusion of the atmospheric air must have been very sudden, for the bodies apparently retain all the juices, and exhibited not the least symptom of decomposition. The hole in which the nest was built was six inches long by three inches wide, and it was inclosed in two inches of solid wood at the side nearest the surface. The birds, we believe, are of the ox-eyed titmouse species. We have transmitted to the Royal Institution the nest and its contents.—*English paper.*

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.—A writer in Bentley's Miscellany thus ridicules the false taste which is removing every portable monument of antiquity to the West of Europe.

"That's Cleopatra's Needle," said Johnson to Ledbury, as they passed through the garden gates to the Place de la Concorde, and came near the Theban obelisk in the centre. "They are going to bring over her thimble next year, and the Viceroy of Egypt has hopes of discovering the entire workbox." "I do not understand the meaning of the birds and black beetles which are engraved about it," said Ledbury. "They were done three thousand five hundred years ago," replied Johnson, "so that styles are altered since then, but it is supposed to have been a cheap public method of teaching the Egyptian charity children zoology. It's astonishing how like the birds are to those of the present day." "But some of them are dressed in short petticoats, and walking upright," observed Ledbury. "I believe it was the custom of the birds in ancient Egypt," replied Jack.

CHURCH PEWS.—In the practice of politely bowing strangers out of a pew where there is still room to spare, is there not a lack of even worldly courtesy? "Have you not mistaken the pew, sir?" blandly said one of these Sunday Chesterfields, as with emphatic gracefulness he opened the door. "I beg pardon," replied the stranger, rising to go out; "I fear I have. I mistook it for a Christian's."—*N. Y. American.*

Choice Excerpts.

EXCERPTU.

FROM THE S—— FAMILY.

Who does not wish that a clear sun may shine on his wedding day? It seems as if Hymen's torch could not burn quite clearly, if it be not kindled by the bright rays of Heaven. A secret faith that Heaven is not indifferent to our earthly lot, is always fixed at the bottom of our hearts, and though we are dust, we are also atoms, and we perceive when the everlasting firmament of heaven becomes darkened, or when it beams in brightness. In these changes, there is, perhaps, a sympathy or a presentiment, which affects us, and often, very often, our hopes and our fears are the children of the winds and the clouds.

Beautiful presents arrived in the morning from Algernon. Emily was not pleased with this custom of a lover giving presents to his betrothed. "It is a barbarous custom," said she, "it makes the women a piece of merchandise which the bridegroom buys. The fact that this is the custom with all rude and barbarous nations, should be enough to cause civilized nations to lay it aside. How little he knows me, if he thinks I love jewels better than the flowers which he gives me. Pomp and idle magnificence displeases me as much as grace and elegance please me. And then it does not suit our circumstances."

It is seldom that remarkable beauty does not make the possessor vain, and the most unbearable thing which I know, is a man in love with his own person. Generally, he considers it the first duty of his less beautiful wife to honor and adore his beauty and loveliness. Vanity belittles a woman, but debases a man. In my opinion, the appearance of a man is to his wife of little or no consequence. I am convinced that I could adore Æsop, and prefer him a thousand times to an Adonis. A Narcissus, who adores his own image, I consider the most insipid thing in the world.

Nature shows us why the slumber of death has a place in her kingdom of changes. It is that beneficent stupor that surrounds a being while the organic powers are striving for new perfection. The creature itself, with its higher or lower grade of knowledge, is not strong enough to oversee and direct the struggle; it falls asleep, and awakes only when it is re-created. So the sleep of death is a fatherly benign dispensation; it is a wholesome opiate, during the operation of which nature collects her powers, and restores her stupified invalid.

He was very much afraid of ghosts! and the ghosts which he feared have been known among men from time immemorial; *Ignorance*, a wonderfully large lady, clothed in glittering white texture; *Self conceit*, her long-necked child, who always treads in the traces of her dear mamma, and *Boasting*, which must be the ghost of an old French language teacher, who in his life-time had been connected with these ladies, and often been seen in their company.

There is a certain disposition of mind in woman, which makes her do well whatever she does at all; which causes sweet peace to follow her wherever she goes, like a quiet spring day, so that wherever she dwells, grace and comfort, which is shared by every one who approaches her, dwells with her. This disposition of mind proceeds from a pure and devoted heart which fears God. Happy are those who possess this—happy beyond all others!

Even a wedding-day has a morrow! A tedious day for those in the house of the wedding. Nothing remains of all the festivity of the day before, but is left after a light is put out—the smoke. And when, besides the festive splendor and pomp, a familiar face, a star in its own heaven, is missing from the happy domestic circle, it is not surprising that the horizon should become dark!

To every true woman's heart there is an indescribable joy *in giving*; in feeling one's self *live* in the prosperity and joy of another. This is the sunshine of the heart, which is, perhaps, more necessary here in the cold North than elsewhere. Besides, the freedom of action is indeed refreshing.

I should rather go without eating and drinking than be deprived of reading. Is there anything that more ennobles the soul, than the reading of good books—is there anything which more exalts the soul, the thoughts, the feelings?

The Olio.

TALKING TO BUNCOMBE.—We find in the New York Plebian the following exposition of the meaning of the phrase at the head of this article. We merely premise that Buncombe county is in the extreme west of the Carolinas, among the Blue Ridge mountains. A few years ago a raw country attorney came to Congress from that region, and began a speech one morning before the house assembled. Rising solemnly "in his place," he turned toward the colored man who was sweeping around the Speaker's chair—"Mr. Speaker," said he, "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto Mrs. Cæsar the things that are her's; for a man are a man all over the world, and a hog are a hog. Sir, I'm opposed to that thar bill—it's a transparency to alternate the con-sty-tu-shy-on, Mr. Speaker." The negro dropped his broom and stared around the hall and then at the orator; firmly persuaded that the man was crazy, he ventured to remonstrate:—"I tink massa's outer order, 'pon de 'count dar's nobody here 'cept me, and Jim what's outside." The orator raised his hand peremptorily—"sh—sh, nigger, *I'm talking to Buncombe!*"—*Pic.*

WILLIS, in a sketch of a visit which he recently paid to the Greenwood Cemetery, near New York, says:—"By the way, some Christian—some noble Christian, whose name, I think, was on the stone tablet, and I am ashamed to have forgotten it—has erected a vault on one of those shadowy and sequestered hill-sides, and consecrated it to the strangers who die in the hotels of the city. God bless the lofty heart that conceived this sweet charity. The portal of the vault looks down upon the serene lake, overshadowed with forest trees, and is, perhaps, the loveliest of these touching localities. Let those who send their friends away, part with them light-hearted! If they die from home, they will at least be put to sleep where love would itself have bestowed them. They will at least lie where the tender and contemplative will pass by, where nature is smiling and serene, where sweet thoughts hourly go in to those who are touched, as we are, with the blest humanity of an asylum. Let the giver of this precious boon be buried close by, when his time shall come, that his name may be always read with the eye moistened by the contemplation of his charity."

LEGAL MEANING OF THE TERM "DEAR."—The following scene, which took place in the office of an attorney, is a tolerably good illustration of the different degrees of respect which legal gentlemen are in the habit of doling out to their clients, and of the cause of that respect. The attorney in question about to address a "newly caught" client in some matter of business, had called on his clerk to write a letter to his dictation. Attorney: Take a sheet of letter paper, James. Clerk: Yes sir. Attorney: Address it at the top, Mr. D—— and then say, "New York, March 28th, 1843." Clerk: Yes sir. Attorney: Then say "Sir,"—but let me see.—Has Mr. D—— paid his account? Clerk: He has sir. Attorney: Then address him "*Dear Sir.*" Clerk: I forgot to mention, sir, that Mr. D—— called yesterday, when you were out, and stated that he wished to consult you as to raising an action against Mr. P——. Attorney: Oh, did he? then you may say, "*My Dear Sir.*" Clerk: Yes, sir.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.—The Boston Democrat, under this head, tells the following story. It is rather tough, as things go now-a-days, but we suppose we must believe it. It is only the exception to the general rule, which proves the truth of the rule:—"A man was convicted last week in Vermont for bigamy, and sentenced to two years imprisonment in the State prison. After the trial, he was handed over to the sheriff of the county in which he was tried, for commitment. The said sheriff gave to the culprit the necessary papers to gain his admission into prison, telling him to go, present his credentials, and he would undoubtedly gain admission. On his way to the prison he stopped at Woodstock, when some, less honest than himself, endeavored to persuade him to run away; but their sympathy was of no avail, he delivered his documents faithfully, and is now expiating his crime in prison."

THE LAST WISH.

In the summer's starry even,
When the zephyrs breath of heaven,
When the spirit finds a balm
In the moonlight and the calm,
Then to clasp a snowy hand,
That, responsive to command,
Kindles with returning pressure
Every pulse to beat with pleasure—
In a liquid eye to gaze
While the soul melts in its rays—
O, 'tis this, 'tis only this
Gives my bosom perfect bliss—
Leaving but the little wish
For a chew of Cavendish!

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.—Young George was about to go to sea as a midshipman; everything was arranged, the vessel lay out opposite his father's house, the little boat had come on shore to take him off and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and he saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her; but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant and said, "Go tell them to fetch my trunk back; I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe that he will bless you."

MOSCOW.—A magnificent city was Moscow previous to its destruction in 1812. It contained, at that time, two hundred and ninety-five churches, and fifteen hundred mansions, with their gardens and dependencies, intermixed with smaller houses and cottages, spread over several leagues of territory. These edifices, including even the shops, are described as all covered with polished and painted iron. The churches were surrounded by a terrace, and several steeples, terminating in golden balls, above which was exhibited the Crescent, and lastly, the Cross denoting the successive triumphs of Mahomedanism and Christianity. A single ray of sunshine, it is said, caused this splendid city to glisten with a thousand colors.

MOURNING CUSTOMS.—As late as the reign of George the First it was usual, on the death of a husband, for a lady of any consequence to receive company in solemn state. The apartments which she occupied, as well as the staircase by which her guests ascended, were hung with black. The lady herself, shrouded with black crape, sat upright in bed, under a canopy of the same sable hue; the apartment was lighted by a single taper; and if the deceased happened to have left children, they were arranged, like the figures on an ancient monument, at the foot of the bed. No word was spoken; and the guests, after silently making their obeisance to the mourner, retired with the solemnity with which they came.

THE FOLLOWING, although brief, is beautiful and comprehensive: "Every fly, and every pebble, and every flower, are tutors in the great school of nature, to instruct the mind and improve the heart. The four elements are the four volumes, in which all the works are written. Every man has in his own life follies enough—in his own mind, troubles enough—in the performance of his duties, deficiencies enough—in his fortune, evil enough—without being curious about the affairs of others."

A MISCHIEVOUS HOAX.—A steamboat coming down the river on the *First of April* was hailed from the shore, and the captain observed a man waving a flag and crying out "steamboat ashore." He rounded his boat, and finding she was too heavily laden to land her, he ordered out the yawl. The mate was nearing the shore, expecting to take in a passenger, when the man in a very civil manner requested to be informed by what name they called *the cook of the boat!*

A FOOL.—A spruce young buck was boasting of his success with the fair, and among other things, declared that he might have *sparked* it with a lady whom he named. "Why, then," said his friend, "did you neglect such a golden opportunity." "Because," answered he, "*she begged to be excused*, and I was such a deuced fool that I excused her!"

A JUST SENTIMENT.—Senator Fegely of Berks county, Pennsylvania, in a letter of a recent date, speaking of the proposed repeal of the law abolishing imprisonment for debt, says: "I never can consent to the doctrine that any legislature has the right to place a *free born citizen*, a living soul and body, in a dungeon, *because he may be poor.*"

FASTING.—In her work on Mexico, Madam Calderon relates of Gen. Guadeloupe Victoria, who by the bye, a recent rumor says is dead, that in his revolutionary campaigns he trained himself to go without food for five days at a time; and that ever since, he could not without annoyance eat more than one meal in twenty-four hours.

☞ Girls are unwise when they suppose outward decoration make the man, and are carried away with a fine coat, a stiff collar, a forced smile, and a dozen polite bows. Search the heart, and if you find nothing but rubbish there, don't fall in love with a popinjay, or a decorated automaton.

LADY'S FASHIONS FOR SUMMER.—Let charity be your white—modesty your vermillion—dress your eyebrows with cheerfulness, and your lips with sincerity—let instruction be your ear-rings—innocence your garland—virtue your robes—and conscious integrity the finish of your dress.

CALEB QUOTEM, JR.—A Yankee "out west" advertises that he will mend clocks, lecture on phrenology, milk cows at the halves, and go clamming at low tide. During his leisure will have no objection to edit a newspaper in the bargain.

ONE OF the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to woman insinuations and persuasions in order to be imperious; it did not give them a sweet voice to be employed in scolding.

A GOOD RETORT.—An Athenian who was lame in one foot, on joining the army, being laughed at by the soldiery on account of his lameness, said; "*I came here to fight, not to run.*"

"WHOEVER wishes to keep a secret," says Goethe, "must hide from us that he possesses one. Self-complaisance over the concealed destroys its concealment."

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.—A down east Yankee says—the light supposed to be a Comet's tail, is nothing more than a streak of lightning *friz* up.

EDUCATE a community in the idea that to work with the hands is degrading and dishonorable, and you educate them for vice and misery.

A GREAT ENTERPRISE!

UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST AND CHRONICLE.

THE OLDEST AND BEST ESTABLISHED FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The proprietorship of the United States Saturday Post, the oldest and best established Family Newspaper in the Union, having recently been in some degree changed, it is proposed greatly to improve and beautify the sheet, and to show a degree of enterprise in its management that must more than maintain the high character it has enjoyed for the past twenty-two years as

THE FAMILY JOURNAL OF THE UNION.

The great circulation of this Journal in every part of the United States—its established character in the public esteem, render any great promises unnecessary. The means possessed by its proprietors are ample, and will be used to maintain its previous reputation. The united circulation of the periodicals issued by the proprietors, is greater by three fold, than that of any other establishment in America; and by a careful equalization of profits, they are enabled to publish cheaper and better works, and to realize a handsome return from small prices.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The editorial department will be mainly under the control of H. HASTINGS WELD, a gentleman well known for his originality and humor, assisted by several gentlemen of high literary standing and ability, and will be conducted with a degree of vigor and spirit that must render the paper one of the very best ever issued in the country. The great size of the sheet will enable the proprietors to give a greater variety of original and selected matter than can be found in cotemporary journals. The matter will in many respects be of a different quality. The design of the proprietors being to make a FIRST RATE FAMILY NEWSPAPER, in every particular, calculated to meet the wishes of the people from one end of the Union to the other. The following are the points to which they invite attention, as embracing the character of the sheet.

THE LITERARY CHARACTER.

The original articles and selections of the outside of the sheet, are of the highest grade of light Literature; each number containing three or four chaste original and selected TALES; which, while they shall interest the young, shall at the same time point a moral. It contains much good, and never any bad POETRY; and a copious compend of well-told Anecdote, Rich Humor, Pointed Wit, Just Satire, and Sentiment. It contains also the greatest variety of Original Tales, Sea Sketches, Essays, Poetry, Songs, Charades, besides the latest and best selections from the American and English Magazines, and all the other fountains of choice Original Literature. In fine, the Post, has been conceded everywhere to be the first newspaper in the country in the quality and quantity of its *Original Tales, Essays, Poetry, and articles on all subjects*—and this character shall be carefully preserved. From time to time, the columns will be as heretofore, devoted to the publication of

ORIGINAL AMERICAN NOVELS,

from the pens of able writers, calculated to keep alive the memory of revolutionary heroes and events, and to foster the spirit of patriotism. The recent novel, called the "SOUTHERN WHIG," had a run of popularity never equalled in newspaper tales. This has been followed up by a romance upon a similar subject—the writer taking as his text,

MARION'S MEN.

This novel was commenced on the 25th March; and we hazard nothing in saying, that it will be as popular as the "*Southern Whig.*" Articles regularly appear in its columns, original and selected, from the following

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And articles of numerous other writers on every variety of subject.

PUBLIC LECTURES.

A portion of its columns will be devoted during the Lecture Season to SCIENTIFIC LECTURES, correctly reported at length—a feature possessed by no other weekly paper. In its columns all the valuable Lectures of Professor Lyell on Geology, in this city, and the still more interesting ones of the justly celebrated Dr. Lardner, on various Scientific subjects have appeared. The great size of the paper also enables us to give all important Congressional Proceedings at length, and all reports and other public documents in full, together with occasional Congressional Speeches in full.

FARMING.

It is intended to make the paper one of great interest to the Farmer, by giving the reports of the different Agricultural Associations; the new inventions; late experiments in tilling, and able papers from every source entitled to confidence; so that the agricultural portion of the community will find in its columns, without entrenching upon other matter, all that is desirable to know, without the expense of a separate journal.

SPIRITED ENGRAVINGS.

Spirited engravings, in illustration of the text of the Stories and Sketches published, will from time to time be given—and occasionally *portraits of public men*, with a history of their lives, and of such events as may be of public concern.

GREAT SIZE OF THE SHEET.

The sheet being of the mammoth size, measuring thirty inches by forty-four, and being printed on the finest and best finished type, the publishers are enabled to compress more matter into its columns than can be had elsewhere, and to note every event of interest at length.

AS A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

As a family newspaper it is believed that the "UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST" is not equalled by any weekly literary paper now existing. Nothing is admitted into its columns, calculated to raise a blush upon the cheek of the most pure, no article being allowed to appear, which a modest female should hesitate to read aloud in the family circle. It contains, moreover, a full and well digested account of every matter of news up to the hour of printing. This is a great desideratum to those who take only a single weekly paper, and one which means less extensive than those connected with this establishment cannot accomplish. The number of persons employed, and the steam power engaged in the publication of this paper, altogether surpass those of any other of a similar character.

In short, the "UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST" is considered, in all respects, superior to any of its class, while in price it is far *cheaper*. It is ONLY *TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR*, per single copy!

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To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of James' new novel, "FOREST LIFE," *gratis.*

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and Arthur's new novel, "FANNY DALE."

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For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's World.

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☞ The money must always be sent free of postage.

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THE NOBILITY OF ENGLAND USE SHERMAN'S TOOTH PASTE.—Over 2500 pots are sold every month. The doctor defies all the world to make so good a dentifrice. It cleans and whitens the Teeth, keeps them from aching and decay, hardens the gums and sweetens the breath.

The Sultan of Muscat has recommended SHERMAN'S LOZENGES to his subjects as the pleasantest and best medicine in use.

The Rev. Mr Dunbar, of the McDougall Street Church, recommended them to his congregation. The COUGH LOZENGES cured him of a very bad cough in a few hours.

Mr. Edward Poston, the celebrated hair dresser, No. 214 Broadway, has known SHERMAN'S CAMPHOR LOZENGES cure dozens of persons of sea sickness in a few minutes. They are a perfect preventitive and remedy for headache, palpitation, lowness of spirits, despondency, etc.

Daniel M. Frye, Esq., clerk in the Upper Police Office, has used SHERMAN'S LOZENGES in his family for four years with the greatest benefit; never failing to cure the worst cases of coughs, colds, headache, worms, etc.

Jim Grant, State barber, No. 4 Ann street, has found more benefit from SHERMAN'S LOZENGES than any thing else. He has known more than fifty of his friends who have been cured of coughs or headaches by them. He thinks they are the greatest medicine in the world.

The Rev. Mr Dow, Jr., says SHERMAN'S WORM LOZENGES are a wonderful medicine. They have saved the lives of several of his children, when all other means failed. They are in fact the universal Worm Destroying Medicine of the age. He has also found SHERMAN'S PAPILLARY OIL a sovereign remedy. Any lady can be cured by it no matter how sore her nipples are, without taking the child from the breast. Warehouse, 106 NASSAU street, New York, and No. 3 LEDGER BUILDINGS, Philadelphia. Daniel Robinson, Harrisburg. Gish & Fisher, Lancaster. J. V. Lambert, Reading. W. B. Zieber, Washington, D. C. J. A. Reed, Baltimore. ap 29-6t

STORMS AND FLOODS.

If, during the continuance of storms and Floods, the channels of

OUR MIGHTY RIVERS

become so obstructed as to afford an insufficient outlet for the superabundant waters, we can expect nothing less than that the surrounding country will be

OVERWHELMED WITH THE FLOOD.

In like manner with the human body—if the Skin, Kidneys and Bowels, (the natural outlets for

USELESS AND CORRUPT HUMORS)

become so obstructed as to fail in affording a full discharge of those impurities which are in all cases

THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS;

we surely can expect no other results than that the whole frame will sooner or later be

OVERWHELMED WITH DISEASE.

As in the first place, if we would prevent an inundation we must remove all obstructions, in order that there may be no hindrance to the free discharge of the superabundant waters. So, in the second place, if we would prevent and cure disease, we must open and keep open, all the Natural Drains of the body.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH,

will be found one of the best if not the very

BEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD

for carrying out this beautiful and simple theory; because they completely CLEANSE THE STOMACH & BOWELS FROM ALL BILIOUS HUMORS, and other impurity and at the same time promote a healthy discharge from the Lungs, Skin, and Kidneys; consequently, as all the natural drains are opened, DISEASE

OF EVERY NAME IS LITERALLY

DRIVEN FROM THE BODY.

The following letters which have been received from gentlemen of the highest respectability will show conclusively that Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a most

VALUABLE MEDICINE,

and their fame is rapidly extending to every part of the Union.

Extract of a letter from Lawrenceville, Monroe Co., ARKANSAS

LAWRENCEVILLE, Monroe Co., Arkansas, Dec. 10, 1842.

Doct. Wm. Wright—Dear Sir—Having become acquainted with your most excellent PILLS (viz INDIAN VEGETABLE) by experience, I take the liberty to write to you on the present occasion by way of suggesting the propriety of being constituted Agent for this State to dispose of them.

In 1841 I was prostrated with the congestive fever in East Florida, and often having been ill with the first attack and a severe relapse, I was necessitated to repair to New York for the recovery of my health, being much debilitated I tried different Physicians and so many medicines, but all to no purpose, I found my liver much affected and Dyspepsia setting in with its worst form; I began to think my case was hopeless. I concluded to resort to travelling; accordingly I left the city of Albany, New York, for Cincinnati, Ohio. On my way through New York State, I chanced to come across one of your Agents at Newark on the Erie Canal; I read one of your advertisements, purchased a box of Pills, and to MY UTTER ASTONISHMENT FOUND MYSELF partially recovered; on my arrival at Buffalo I purchased some more of your Agent there—at Cleaveland, Ohio, visited your Agent, the dry good merchant—talked with him and took several boxes: *I soon found myself a well man, and concluded to return to my profession, viz: A Travelling Methodist Preacher.*

I accordingly came on to St. Louis, and from there to Helena, Arkansas, where I joined the Arkansas Conference and assigned to Lawrenceville Mission on St. Francis and White Rivers, near the mouths of the same.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant, W. H. HOUCK.

TARNER'S BROOK, N. J., Sept. 3d, 1841.

Doctor Wm. Wright—Dear Sir—Your travelling agent was here, a short time since, and left with me two dozen boxes of your INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, which I have already sold, although they had never been introduced in our neighborhood before. I at first prevailed on a friend of mine, who had been afflicted with the Dyspepsia and Rheumatism in the head, for the last two years, to make trial of them. He had previously tried various medicines but never obtained any relief until he made use of your Indian Vegetable Pills. After using one box, he said he felt like a new man, and now having used two more boxes, he considers himself a SOUND MAN.

Yours respectfully, &c. J. INGERSOLL.

FRANKFORT, Ross Co., Ohio, Aug. 13, 1841.

Dear Sir—The Pills, that I purchased of you last April have sold far better than I anticipated. I think by the time I visit your city again which will be in a few months, I will have sold out entirely. They have not only effected cures in diseases that seemed to baffle the best medical skill in the country, but numerous individuals here bless the day that the undersigned introduced Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills into the neighborhood. I can get, if you think it necessary, several very valuable certificates of cures. One old lady in particular, who has been afflicted several years with consumption, commenced taking the Pills a short time since, and is now nearly restored to health. Several cases of Dyspepsia, have also been entirely cured by your TRULY EXCELLENT INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

In order to give them a more general circulation and thereby extend their usefulness, I have made arrangements with a gentleman in a neighboring town, who has promised to use his best efforts to promote their sale. You will therefore please send another supply, shipped to my address, Chillicothe, care of Mr Dixon Fullerton.

Faithfully, yours, W. J. F. DAILY.

To Wm. Wright, V. P. of the N. A. Coll. of Health.

N. B.—The original letters from which the above has been copied together with others of a similar character, may be seen by calling at the office and general depot, No. 169 RACE street. Those who honestly entertain any doubts as to the wonderful goodness of this singular medicine are earnestly invited to come and read for themselves.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

As the great popularity and consequent great demand for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills has raised up a host of counterfeiters, country agents and storekeepers will be on their guard against the many impostors who are travelling about the country selling to the unsuspecting a spurious article for the genuine.

It should be remembered that all the authorized agents are provided with a CERTIFICATE OF AGENCY, signed by WILLIAM WRIGHT, Vice President of the N. A. College of Health. Consequently, those who offer Indian Vegetable Pills and cannot show a certificate as above described, will be known as impostors.

The public are respectfully informed that medicine purporting to be Indian Pills made by one V. O. Falck, are *not the genuine* Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The only security against imposition is to purchase from the regular advertised agents, and in all cases be particular to ask *for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.*

N. B.—The genuine medicine can with certainty be obtained from Mr. J. W. Ringler, grocer, Reading, Pa., and also at the offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILA.; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York, and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston. Also for sale by the Rev. Isaac P. Cook, No. 52 Baltimore street, Baltimore.

☞ *Remember, none are genuine except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.* ap 29-3m

PAPER HANGINGS VERY CHEAP.

THE attention of those who intend having Papering done during the season, is very respectfully invited to the large assortment of Paper Hangings, Borders, Fire Board Figures, etc. etc., now on hand by the subscriber, which he offers for sale at prices very low for cash. Included in the above assortment is a large variety of the richest style French, with every other style of satin Parlor Papers gay and plain; the latest style column and other papers for halls, Staircases etc. Dining Room and Chamber Papers of every variety and quality. Wholesale dealers and others will find it to their advantage to call.

N. B. Paper Hangers whose work will be warranted, and sent to any part of the country at the lowest possible prices.

JOHN FINN.

No. 173 Chesnut street, North side, above 5th street, opposite the State House. mar 4 3m

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!!!

DEAFNESS CURED—*SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL.*—For the cure of DEAFNESS, pains, and the discharge of matter from the ears; also all those disagreeable sounds like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, etc. etc. which are symptoms of approaching deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and surgeons highly recommend its use.

The following interesting letter which has been taken from hundreds of others of a similar character must be read with pleasure:

NEW YORK, Nov 16, 1842.

My Dear Sir—It has become so common lately to puff medicines by letters, that I would now refrain from any expression of my feelings or opinion, did I not feel compelled to speak in justice to you, and out of a desire to serve my fellow men. You remember with what reluctance I was induced to try Scarpa's Oil for Deafness, for I felt convinced, after many ineffectual attempts, that a deafness of ten years' standing could not be cured by any medicine; but will you believe it when I tell you on my second bottle I can hear almost as well as any member of my family. The effect upon me has been magical; my former existence seems like a dream; and the pleasure of listening to and hearing conversation carried on in an ordinary tone of voice, after being so long subjected to the use of the ear trumpet, is almost transporting. I do not much like to have my name in print, but as the above statement may do some good, I have no objection to your using it.

Your obliged friend, L. M. CHELMSFORD.

Mr. B. Baston Gumpert, Phila. 334 Washington street.

Read the following Editorial from the Times.

Deafness Cured.—We have heard a great many speak of the virtues of SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL as a remedy for deafness, and we are assured that it is unsurpassed by anything known for the purpose. One or two instances of its curative effects have been pointed out to us that are really astonishing.

None genuine unless with the words "SCARPA'S OIL for Deafness" blown in each bottle, and with the written signature of B. Bell on the wrapper. jan 7 eow 1y

Prepared by B. Bell, and sold wholesale and retail by Dr. Jayne, 20 South Third street, and B. B. Gumpert, No. 120 North Second street, Philadelphia; also by most of the druggists in the city. PRICE $2 a bottle, or $18 a dozen.

STOCKTON'S ESTABLISHMENT FOR THE SALE OF INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

DENTAL INSTRUMENTS, GOLD FOIL, etc. etc. etc.

Second floor of the Ledger Buildings, South-West corner of Third and Chesnut street, Philada. and at 243 Broadway, New York, opposite the Park.

S. W. STOCKTON respectfully notifies the Dental Profession and Druggists, that he has now on hand a new and general assortment of very superior PLATE, PIVOT, MOLAR, RICORDEAU and GUM INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, wholesale and retail, equal to any he has hitherto manufactured, together with almost every description of DENTAL INSTRUMENTS now in use, comprising PEARL, GOLD MOUNTED MIRRORS, SCISSORS KEYS, MOUTH GLASSES, DRILL BOWS etc. etc. PEARL, AGATE and IVORY, GOLD and SILVER MOUNTED INSTRUMENTS, for all necessary purposes, of all qualities. GOLD and SILVER PLATE and WIRE. BULLS OF ABERVE and JONES GOLD and TIN FOIL. LATHES, EMERY WHEELS (a first rate article for grinding teeth). DENTAL FILES of various descriptions. Compressed HICKORY PIVOTS, TOOTH POWDER, BRUSHES, etc. The above articles may be had at the most reasonable prices.

P. S. Particular attention will be given to select teeth according to order. dec 31 6m

P. S. DENTAL CASES carefully put up to order.

All cash orders will meet with prompt attention.

N. B. *Dentists are cautioned against unprincipled persons, who sell as my manufacture, teeth of their own production.*

LEATHER STORE, No. 67 CHESNUT St.—The subscribers have constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHER, suitable for Boot and Shoe Makers, Coach and Harness Makers, Saddlers, Book Binders, Hatters, &c.

ALSO—Sole Leather, red and oak tanned.

nov 18 1y CHAMBERS & HENDRY.

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